The Outlook

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK:

The Elections 613
The Execution of an Assassin 613
The Canteen Question 614
Conditions in Cuba 615
News from the Philippines 615
The Pan-American Congress 617
Gold and Silver in 1900 617
The Boer War 618
The Industrial Crisis in Germany 618
Roman Catholicism in Cuba 619
Roman Catholicism in Spain 619
Dr. Thomas's Resignation 620
Religious Union North and South 620
The Universalist General Convention 620
The Canadian Reading Camp Movement 622
The Bible and the Immigrant 622

EDITORIALS:

A Revival in Politics 623
A Great Witness 624
National Dissatisfaction 626
The Spectator 627

CONTRIBUTED ARTICLES:

Booker Washington's Personality 629
By Max Bennett Thrasher
A Visit to the Boers in Bermuda 633
By Frank S. Ballentine
The German Workingman 637
By Ray Stannard Baker
The Man from Glengarry. Chapter XXII. —Forget That I Loved You 645
By Ralph Connor
BOOKS OF THE WEEK 655
NOTES AND QUERIES 660
CORRESPONDENCE 661

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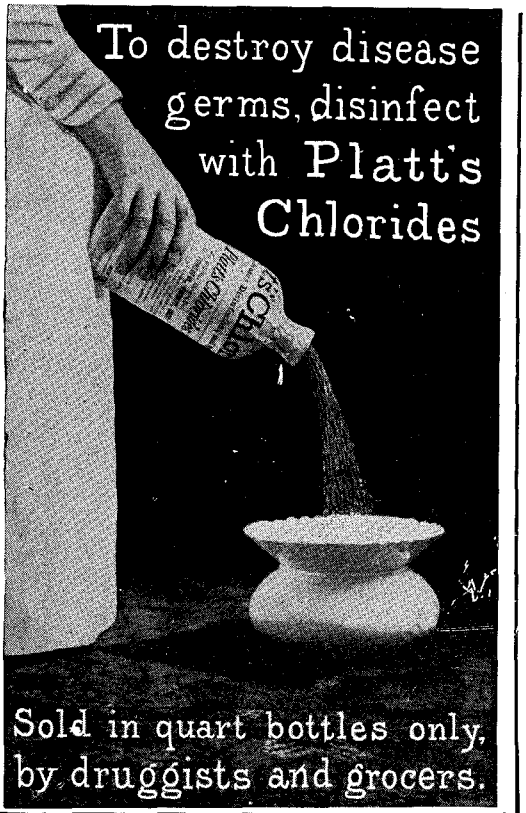

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The Outlook

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The Elections The municipal elections in New York and Philadelphia and several State elections of importance are in progress as this issue of The Outlook goes upon the press. Political predictions are almost always futile, and assuredly the futility would become folly if prediction should be indulged in when the event will be known before the prediction is read. It may be stated as a matter of record, however, that the friends of the fusion movement have shown growing increase of confidence in the success of Mr. Low. It may be noted, too, that there has been a change of the odds in the betting on the event in the same direction; and, however much we may deprecate this form of gambling, it must be admitted that the shrewdness and cold self-interest of the gamblers does sometimes reflect changes in public sentiment, at least with unsentimental plainness. The attention of the country as well as of the city itself is fixed on the New York contest more strongly than on the other events of the autumn elections of this year. The campaign continued to be a spirited one to the very end, and the moral issues put forward with intense vigor by Mr. Low, Mr. Jerome, the City Club, the Women's League, and other agencies of reform have assumed constantly increasing importance. The sensation of the week was Mr. Jerome's assertion that Mr. Platt and Mr. Whitney had been in conference with intent to bring about his defeat; later the charge was withdrawn with as much directness and frankness as it was made, and Mr. Jerome declared himself satisfied that he was to receive the cordial support of the Republican organization. Stories of colonization of Tammany voters in gambling-houses, saloons, and tenements of evil reputation increased in definiteness as the day of election drew near, and in consequence Governor Odell wrote to Mayor Van Wyck, to Police Commissioner Devery, and to Mr. McCullagh, Metropolitan Superintendent of Elections, urging the co-operation of the police with the Superintendent of Elections in suppressing and punishing fraud at the polls.

❀

The Execution of an Assassin The murderer of President McKinley, Leon Czolgosz, was executed by electricity in the prison at Auburn, N. Y., on Tuesday of last week. So far from showing any sign of repentance, his last words (with the exception of a regret at not seeing his father) were a declaration that he was not sorry for his crime—and it is a curious fact that he himself used the word crime to describe the act for which he was not sorry—coupled with the assertion that President McKinley was "an enemy of the good people—of the good working people." So far as we have seen, no one has even thought of indignantly contradicting this assertion, and for the simple reason that no one thinks that any one else believes it—the good working people perhaps least of all. After the execution the murderer's body was buried in the prison, and means were taken to destroy utterly all tokens of the existence of this man. It may be noted with approval that the requirements of the law were carried out with dignity, without sensationalism, and without painful struggles or horrible incidents; four minutes after the prisoner crossed the sill of the death-chamber he was officially pronounced to be dead, and in point of fact the execution itself was the work of less than a minute, while consciousness was extinguished in a fraction of a second. Only the witnesses required by law were present; but it is understood that the provisions of the New York law governing executions are now construed

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so as to allow trustworthy representatives of the press associations, one for each, to be included among the witnesses, and this is but reasonable; the reports in the papers were, as a rule, devoid of undue sensationalism. In every respect people and press have shown a right disposition and have wisely refused to see a cause for public excitement or perturbation over the stern, orderly execution of justice. Curiosity-mongers and silly sentimentalists have not been allowed to obtrude themselves on public notice in connection with the criminal. The assassin was tried in due accordance with law, his rights were guarded by two of the ablest members of the New York bar, he was fairly as well as quickly convicted, and now the punishment has followed in due course. Henceforth the people will and should forget the very existence of this creature who with vicious ignorance, in his hatred of the existing order, struck at the head of the State. Czolgosz was not a type, but an unreasoning, though not insane, moral pervert.

❀

General Miles on the Canteen

General Miles in his annual report expresses his approval of the abolition of the canteen, and as The Outlook has expressed its conviction that the law abolishing the canteen was unwise, we give our readers here in full what General Miles says in support of this legislation:

> Much has been said concerning the army canteen, which, when first established, was called the "amusement room," and afterward the "post exchange." It was a place of amusement and recreation for the enlisted men, where they could enjoy reading books and papers, playing games, etc., and could purchase such refreshments, except liquors, as they desired. It was then an eminently successful institution and promoted the contentment and general welfare of the troops. Later, when what were known as the post traders' establishments were abolished, light wines and beers were authorized to be sold in the canteen. The Government has now, by act of Congress, prohibited the sale of intoxicating beverages in the canteen, and it is believed that no injury has resulted thereby and that the law has, in the main, been beneficial. The army is composed principally of young men who have not formed the habit of using liquor, and although the majority of the enlistments actually occur in large cities, as the recruiting offices are principally located there, a large percentage of the men come from homes in the country and small towns and villages in every part of the United States. The prediction that the change would prevent enlistments and increase desertions has not been fulfilled. Since the law was approved, namely, on February 2, 1901, the recruiting stations have been thronged with men seeking enlistment for the service, 25,944 men having enlisted since that date, and the percentage of desertions is now far less than in former years. Desertions most usually occur during the first six months of enlistment, and a much larger percentage of enlistments has been made during the past six months than heretofore. In many cases the men that have deserted belong to a class whose presence in the service was not desirable under any conditions, but whose real character was not known at the time of enlistment.

Such a declaration as this, coming from the General commanding the army, will have and ought to have great weight. It is not conclusive; nothing can be conclusive short of a fair trial and an exhaustive report on the practical results; but it is important.

❀

Other Testimony

Contemporaneously with this report there is given to the public other testimony. Letters are published by General Daggett and Captain E. C. Brooks commending the abolition of the canteen as beneficial. On the other hand, Inspector-General Breckinridge reports that at some of the army posts the post exchange has been closed because the funds to carry it on, which were derived from the sale of beer and light wines, are lacking; and he quotes reports from officers in Cuba and our Western territory that the abolition of the canteen "has worked a hardship on the soldier;" that "the consensus of opinion is that the canteen feature promotes the morals, temperance, discipline, and health of the men;" and that "the innumerable brothels and whisky dens which are springing up on the edge of reservations will prove the most baleful and destructive enemy to contentment and good order;" all of which indicates that respecting the effect of the canteen there is the same difference of opinion within the army that there is among civilians outside, with the weight of numbers in favor of the position that the canteen promotes and its abolition prejudices the morals and the discipline of the army. The Outlook believed, and still believes, that the abolition of the canteen was a mistake; that such legislation ought not to be based on *a priori*

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arguments as to the legitimacy of drinking, nor inspired by a public opinion outside the army not based on an intelligent understanding of the facts. Congress should have ascertained the facts before it acted. But the same principle should now make it slow to act in restoring the canteen. The experiment of doing without it should have a fair trial; and the results of that trial should be carefully ascertained and collated before further action is taken; and that action, whatever it is, should be based wholly on a wise consideration of the results of the experience of abolition. An ounce of experience is worth a pound of theory. In order to give the abolition of the canteen a fair trial, government should make adequate provision for a post exchange without the accompanying sale of beer and light wines. The Outlook heartily indorses the following recommendation of Captain E. C. Brooks, which it quotes from a letter from him published in the New York "Evening Post:"

> I think it a misfortune that no appropriation for post-exchange buildings is ever asked for or permitted. In every post in which I have served, the exchange building is the eyesore of the post, since only some old abandoned buildings can be used for this purpose. I certainly would have the Government build fine exchanges, put in gymnasiums, pool-tables, reading-rooms, etc., since everything which makes for the moral, intellectual, and physical improvement of the soldiers is not only to the advantage of the Government, but puts money in its pocket. The loss by deserters and the cost of maintaining men in prison and in the guardhouses are very serious items in the expense of the army. I do not see why the existence and maintenance of post-exchange buildings, gymnasiums, etc., or the condition of the company mess, should depend upon the amount of purchases of unrelated things by the soldiers at the canteens.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union is credited with having secured the abolition of the canteen. We should like to be able to record that it is in equal force at Washington next winter to secure appropriations to carry out Captain Brooks's recommendation.

❀

Conditions in Cuba

Interest in the approaching election of a President and in the installment of the new Government of Cuba is increasing, although it is probably true that interest in the commercial future of Cuba, and especially in the matter of reciprocity or freer trade-relations with the United States, is stronger than the political interest. It is quite evident, however, that the establishing of the Government must precede commercial treaties, and that the United States Congress cannot formulate propositions relating to reciprocity until it has some responsible Government in Cuba with which to deal. The event of the week, politically speaking, has been the declaration of General Maso that he is a candidate for the Presidency of Cuba. In putting himself into the political lists against Señor Palma, General Maso declares that he represents more especially the Autonomist party—an element which, in his opinion, has been ignored by the military government now in control. His candidacy is expected to call out the support of the negro and the Spanish elements, as well as the Autonomists generally. In General Maso's manifesto he declares that the colored race is an essential factor in Cuban social existence, and that its heroism in the war with Spain must not be forgotten. The manifesto favors a simple administration, conducted on economic principles, and its author thinks that there is plenty of money in Cuba to carry on such an administration on such a basis. As to the Platt Amendment, General Maso expresses the hope that the Cubans may have from the United States a more definite interpretation of the limitations on sovereignty and independence which he assumes are involved in the amendment, and of its meaning and extent generally. These points, he thinks, will be defined in a treaty with the United States, and in the same or another treaty the commercial concessions should be agreed upon. The date of the general elections in Cuba is December 31; while the election for President, Vice-President and Senators takes place on February 24.

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News from the Philippines

The difficulty of getting accurate and trustworthy information concerning the course of events in the Philippines is illustrated by recent events. The Taft Commission appeared to be making admirable progress, and some Americans were congratulating themselves with the pleas-

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ing delusion that all Filipinos were reconciled to the United States authority; that only a few bands of brigands remained at isolated points, like the band in Bulgaria which recently captured Miss Stone and her companions, and that now nothing remained but to open schools, establish courts, build roads, and begin industries. Suddenly the country is startled by the report that a band of Filipinos have swooped down upon a body of American soldiers at breakfast in Samar, surprised them, and massacred nearly all before they had opportunity even to defend themselves. Next comes the news that the concentration policy of Weyler has been adopted in the island, and all natives have been required to concentrate in the towns under penalty of being treated as rebels in arms against the Government; next it has been decided that the United States forces in the Philippines must be considerably increased to secure safety and order; then, a few days later, comes an official report that in the neighboring island of Cebu the insurrectionary forces have come in and laid down their arms "in obedience to the demand of the people for peace," involving a voluntary surrender of 150 rifles, 8 brass pieces, and 530 men; next is the interesting report that an insurgent leader has been appointed successor to Aguinaldo by what calls itself the Central Filipino Committee, and has assumed command of an army whose existence is, to say the least, very problematical; and, simultaneously, that the War Department, in full view of all the facts as officially known in Washington, has decided that there is no occasion to stop the reductions which are going on in the army in the Philippines through the discharge of enlisted men, nor to send, at present, any additional forces to take their place. The reader, perplexed by these seemingly contradictory reports, regards all these conflicting events as taking place in substantially the same locality as well as at the same time; he does not know that Samar is five hundred miles from Manila as the crow flies, and probably fifteen hundred at least by the tortuous route of a steamboat; and that a sudden descent of savages on a small body of men at breakfast in Samar has about as much to do with peace and order in Manila and northern Luzon as a similar irruption of Indians on our Western border would have on life in New York City or in the New England States.

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Prospects in the Philippines Let us take this occasion to say once for all, what, however, it will probably be necessary to repeat a good many times, that in reading reports from the Philippines great allowance must be made, first, for our distance from the scene; second, for the complications of the conditions there; and, third, for the different temperaments of reporters there and of interpreters here. The Philippines are inhabited by a mixed population, of which a very small minority has a considerable degree of superficial culture but no very deep and thorough civilization, while the remainder are either children or savages or a cross between the two, in various elemental stages of development. In such a community there is no question of self-government: that the semi-civilized minority could govern the barbarous majority is highly improbable, but if they could, this would not be self-government. The task of governing such an incongruous people will require all our energies and all our wisdom. From time to time there will be irruptions of barbarism like those which have from time to time characterized the progress of civilization in our own country. These will not be the acts of bandits and brigands, but the hopeless resistance which barbarism always makes to the progress of civilization, and will need to be met with equal measures of vigor and patience. The man who imagines a typhoon is coming every time he sees a cloud in the west bigger than a man's hand, and the man who thinks all storms are over every time he sees a patch of blue sky, are equally mistaken. Massacres like that at Samar and surrenders like that at Cebu will continue to take place as the area of civilization grows gradually greater and that of barbarism grows gradually less. As to the policy of concentration said to have been adopted in Samar, we must wait to know more about it. That it is really the policy of Weyler, or anything in spirit approximating that policy, we shall not believe without fuller reports than have as yet been received.

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The Pan-American Congress

A picturesque circumstance connected with the Pan-American Congress is the Venezuelan Cabinet crisis brought about by a resolution passed by the Conference:

> The American International Conference considers that peace is the first condition of prosperity and national progress; that peace between the States represented in this Conference is indispensable in order that their work should have the result sought; that this Conference, invoking the common origin, historical traditions, and solidarity of interests of the Republics of Colombia and Venezuela, considers it opportune to address a friendly and deferential word to the Governments of the countries before mentioned, in order to prevent any sad conflict.

General Rafael Reyes, the Colombian delegate, denied that war existed officially between his country and Venezuela, but admitted that border friction prevailed which might at any time provoke more serious conflict. He spoke favorably of the resolution, as did also Señor Gilfortonte, the Venezuelan delegate. The unanimous indorsement of Congress was given to the resolution, and a Cabinet crisis is now the result. On a later occasion the delegate from Colombia made an eloquent speech concerning the close bonds still existing between the South American Republics and Spain. It was entirely natural that General Reyes should so speak, and we regret to note some slight adverse criticism in various American papers. They may remember that the American solidarity for which we all hope will not be hindered by such a eulogy of the racial, linguistic, and historical ties between the Latin-American Republics of this hemisphere and their mother country. Especially should it be remembered that the recent war with Spain does not form the slightest bar to our hearty approval of General Reyes's remarks. As a matter of fact, the American delegates at the City of Mexico so expressed themselves. Indeed, we doubt whether there has ever been better feeling between the United States of America and Spain than now. Spain has learned that we are not "Yankee pigs," otherwise she might have had to pay a great indemnity at the close of the recent war; our action was unique in history. Spain has also learned our rank as a military power, and respects that rank. More than all, however, two peoples have become acquainted with each other. American tourists are now welcomed in Spain as never before, while the great popularity of Admiral Cervera during his visit to this country was evident everywhere.

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Gold and Silver in 1900

The report of the Director of the Mint shows that, although the war in South Africa has reduced the production of gold in that section from $73,000,000 in 1899 to $9,000,000 in 1900, this loss has been in part offset by a gain of $14,000,000 in this country and in Canada, and the world's product still aggregates the handsome total of $257,000,000, or double the aggregate ten years ago. As the industrial uses of gold are thought to call for barely $125,000,000 a year, there remains as much more to expand the currency of the gold-using countries. This expansion is equivalent to an increase of about two per cent. a year upon the present supply. In our own country, it will be recalled, this increase was supplemented by the addition of something like one hundred millions to our National bank note currency, so that here the expansion of the currency during the year was nearly eight per cent. In regard to silver, the Director of the Mint reports that the total production, measured by ounces, was a trifle greater than ever before, though its commercial value was of course less than a decade ago. During the last year, however, says the report, the price of silver advanced from 59 cents an ounce to 66 cents—the cause of the increase being England's purchase of $30,000,000 worth of silver bullion for coinage into rupees. These purchases, it is remarked, "seem to restore India to somewhere near her old position as a customer for silver." As regards the probability of a renewed coinage of silver in this country, the important event of the fortnight is the formal return of Senator Jones, of Nevada, to the Republican party. Senator Jones declares that he believes as firmly as ever in the principles of bimetallism, but that the unexpected increase in the production of gold meets the world's need of currency expansion, and has therefore buried the silver question. The changes in the yearly production of the two metals during

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the past half-century may be seen from the following table:

	Gold.	Silver (coinage value).	Silver (market value).
1850..	$44,000,000	$39,000,000	
1860..	119,000,000	40,000,000	
1870..	106,000,000	51,000,000	
1880..	106,000,000	96,000,000	$85,000,000
1890..	118,000,000	163,000,000	141,000,000
1900..	257,000,000	232,000,000	113,000,000

❀

The Boer War Last week a British triumph and a British defeat occurred in the Transvaal. Colonel Kekewich surprised eighty Boers northeast of Rustenburg and captured them. Rustenburg lies about sixty miles west of Pretoria. This success, however, was more than counterbalanced by a Boer attack upon the rear-guard of Colonel Benson's column, near Brakenlaagte. Lord Kitchener, British Commander-in-Chief, sends an unusually long report of this affair, from which it is clear that he attaches special importance to it. The Boers rushed two guns, and the British casualties amounted to sixty-six men killed and a hundred and seventy wounded. Thus the Boers have once again shown that they are still prepared to attack strong British columns. They knew also that this particular column was led by one whose work had hitherto invariably been marked by judgment and success. Present Boer activity is said to be due, first, to the fact that the horses are beginning to find grass all over the country, whereas during the winter (corresponding to our summer) they were restricted to the valleys, and, second, to the fact that some Boers, already partially won over to tranquillity, have, by harsh British administration of martial law, been again driven to rebellion. The present strength of the British army in South Africa is supposed to be two hundred and fifty thousand men in arms, and of the Boer army, one-twentieth of that number.

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The Industrial Crisis in Germany The depression of trade in Germany grows more and more acute. It has been greatest in the manufacturing industries in which prosperity was most marked a few years ago, and in which the formation of the great syndicates was thought by many to provide against the danger of a renewed period of stagnation. Apparently the syndicates were as slow to feel the approach of hard times as small competing factories have been, and they went on as blindly piling up goods for which the market has vanished. As a result we now read of factories closing in all the industrial centers, and the number of unemployed in Berlin alone is estimated at eighty thousand. This distress among workingmen has been accompanied by distress less keen but not less real among investors. Some of the syndicates and of the banks which stood behind them took advantage of the blind faith of the investing public in anything bearing the name of syndicate, and "boomed" the stocks without regard to the principles either of sound finance or sound morals. The report made a fortnight ago by the receiver of the great Grain Drying Company illustrates the recklessness with which some of the concerns were managed. In this instance the claims of the creditors aggregated $4,000,000, the total assets found were barely $220,000; and of this last amount $180,000 had to be used to pay preferred creditors. The remaining creditors received but one cent on the dollar. The stockholders, of course, had lost everything they had invested; yet many of them had paid enormous prices for their stock, deceived by the action of the directors in paying $1,000,000 a year in dividends for the last five years, and reporting $12,000,000 of fictitious assets. The company, it appears, had been kept afloat by the now bankrupt Leipsiger Bank. Exposures of colossal frauds like these of course sapped public faith in the whole field of enterprise, and the effect of it has not stopped at the national boundaries. In Austria, according to the London "Spectator," the "slump" in all industrial shares is "estimated by grave economists at half the value." How much further the effects of this crisis may extend cannot, of course, be predicted, but it is certain that in the material as well as the moral world "mankind is one," and that such a blow to industry in Germany will be felt the world around. Already it is felt here as one of the causes of the present gold exports in the very height of the season for gold imports. In another place in this issue of The Outlook will be found an interesting article on "The German Workingman" by Mr. Ray Stannard Baker.

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Roman Catholicism in Cuba

Last week it was announced that Leo XIII. had appointed Monsignor Sbarretti, Bishop of Havana, as Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, and that Archbishop Barnaba, of Santiago, had been made administrator of the Havana diocese. This is an announcement of double interest. Monsignor Sbarretti is an Italian scholar of marked attainments both in law and theology. After receiving the doctorate in each of these branches, he gave a public disputation at the Vatican before the Pope, his subject being philosophy. Before entering the diplomatic service of the Church he was professor of moral philosophy in the College of the Propaganda at Rome. For two years thereafter he was employed in handling matters concerning the missions of the Propaganda in China and Japan. He then became concerned with the affairs of the American Church; and his experience during this period led to his selection as Auditor of the Papal Delegation when it was determined to establish it. He accompanied Monsignor, now Cardinal, Satolli to this country. It is perhaps unfortunate for the general reputation of the new Apostolic Delegate that he was then counted as belonging to the conservative party in the Church, rather than to the liberals. He was on specially cordial terms with Archbishop Chapelle, whom he will now succeed at Manila. Monsignor Chapelle indorsed him for the post of Bishop of Havana; and, surprising as it may seem, the Pope appointed this Italian to the position hitherto always held by a Spaniard. The native element in Cuba immediately and warmly opposed their new Bishop. They openly declared that they wanted one of their own people as head of the diocese. Although Monsignor Sbarretti exercised considerable tact in his dealings with the natives, the latter never gave to him that favor which they had shown to Monsignor Barnaba, for instance, at Santiago. The latter is a Cuban; he was born in Santiago in 1835, and his position in the Church is really higher than that of the Bishop of Havana, as Santiago is the metropolitan see of which Havana and Porto Rico are suffragans. The Cubans of Havana have now gained their point, and a Cuban will administer their diocese. The transfer of Monsignor Sbarretti to the Philippines was undoubtedly imposed on the Pope by the attitude of the Cubans, although the diplomatic ability of the Havana Bishop at Manila ought to be most useful to the Vatican. The whole event may mark a turning-point in Roman Catholic history. It indicates the effect of politics in breaking down the Church's imperialism. Henceforth the voice of a nation may be heard even at the Vatican.

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Roman Catholicism in Spain

Recently several Roman Catholic bishops in Spain asked (1) that all religious associations should be included in the concordat between the Government and the Vatican; (2) that by external manifestation the Government should give greater protection to Roman Catholics; and (3) that priests and monks should be allowed greater intervention in matters of education. A discussion of these frank, not to say naïve, proposals is now taking place in the Senate of the Spanish Cortes or Parliament. The discussion has as its main motive, however, the Government's recent decree preventing an invasion of Spain by the religious orders which are now retiring from France in consequence of M. Waldeck-Rousseau's new Associations Law. This object has been attained to a great extent since; of seven hundred members of French religious orders who had entered Spain during the month of October, only fifty-five have remained. Spain could hardly stand a greater number of monks and nuns. Not only does Señor Sagasta, a Liberal and the present Spanish Premier, clearly see this, but he proposes to imitate the French Premier in requiring registration of religious orders so that the Spanish Government may enforce the law of 1887 compelling the payment of taxation and succession duties. The orders have generally disregarded Spain's fiscal laws, especially the one dealing with the transmission of property. The orders now hold more real estate, more monastic, conventual, and educational establishments, than ever before. In numbers, the latest Spanish census shows that the Jesuits have doubled since the census ten years previous; and that census showed that they had trebled compared with the figures of the census before. There are

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now not less than a hundred thousand monks and nuns in Spain.

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Dr. Thomas's Resignation

Dr. H. W. Thomas, who for twenty-one years, as pastor of the People's Church, has made one of Chicago's theaters a center of religious life and humanitarian inspiration, has now resigned his pastorate to take up the National work outlined by him in these columns four weeks ago. What his church has stood for, and what his National work to reach those now outside the churches will be, as well as the personal reasons impelling him to resign his pastorate, are well set forth in the following sentences from his letter to the trustees:

> The People's Church, the principles of social justice, the rights of reason and conscience in faith and worship, and the great truths of a spiritual religion, of the life of God in the soul of man, were never nearer and dearer to my heart than now. My confidence in the possibilities of the People's Church as a great power for good was never greater. The demands upon such a pulpit are many and large, and, having been half a century in the ministry, the continnous strain could not at most be borne many more years. The increasing growth of the spirit of religious independency in our time, and the call for the larger faith and hope, created the need and demand that the work of the People's Church should be extended to other cities and towns. Believing that it is possible now to secure a younger man as pastor and one who will bring added strength to our home church, and that in the larger field the labor can be better adjusted to my own strength, it seems wise that such a change be made.

The "younger man" whom Dr. Thomas expects to carry forward his work, and who has already been elected his successor, is the Rev. Frank Crane, now pastor of the Hyde Park Methodist Church in Chicago. Dr. Thomas himself, it may be recalled, was for a quarter of a century in the Methodist ministry, and left it without estrangement of religious sympathy, when forced thereto by the changes which had taken place in his own creed. This creed, however, as we have before had occasion to remark, was a liberal liberal creed and not a bigoted liberal creed. He never ceased to revere the religious life which had once given to old creeds their sacredness, and the emphasis of his ministry was always upon the need of a new religious life which alone can give sacredness to the new creed.

Religious Union North and South

Last week at Cincinnati sixteen bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church met in biennial session. At this conference various bishops were assigned as presiding officers of the Annual Conference next year. It was proposed to create many new bishops for foreign fields. Dr. McCabe reported that the Roman Catholic Church has twenty-eight bishops in China, while the Methodists have one for all Eastern Asia; that the Church of England has twelve bishops in Africa, while the Methodists have only one. Dr. James M. King was elected Corresponding Secretary of the Church Extension Society, with headquarters at Philadelphia. This Society is instituting aggressive work everywhere. The next conference of the bishops will occur at Chattanooga, when closer relations and the final union of the Methodist Churches, North and South, will be further considered. This was the great question at last week's conference, and it is encouraging to learn that preliminary steps looking toward this end have been taken in the Territory of Oklahoma, where the North and South Methodists have united in building a Methodist college. It is also encouraging to chronicle the fact that last week at Lexington, Ky., representatives of the Northern and Southern Synods of the Presbyterian Church met in session for the purpose of establishing a Presbyterian college for the higher education of women, to cost half a million dollars. It is hoped that this movement will make a bond of union between the two branches of the denomination.

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The Universalist General Convention

The General Convention of the Universalist Churches held its biennial meeting at Buffalo, October 18–23, inclusive, preceded by a two days' session of the Ministers' Meeting. It was said to be the largest and most satisfactory meeting in the history of the body. Of special interest to the Christian public is the conclusion, reached after some years of discussion and opposition by a small but vigorous minority, for a closer accord with the Unitarian churches. No fusion is contemplated, but better co-operation in cases where the field is large enough for the organization of one church, either

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Universalist or Unitarian, but not large enough for one of each denomination. The proposition to appoint a permanent committee to act jointly in such cases with a similar Unitarian committee was carried by a large majority. A very animated debate took place on resolutions introduced by the Committee on Temperance opposing the repeal of the anti-canteen law and affirming uncompromising opposition to the liquor traffic. The latter was adopted, but the former, after a vigorous attack led by the Rev. Dr. Blanchard, of Portland, Me., was ordered by a small majority to indefinite postponement. About half of the women delegates were said to have voted with this majority against indorsement of the anti-canteen law. The Universalist churches now number about one thousand in forty of the States. Two thousand names have been added to their membership in the last two years. Growth seems to be specially vigorous at the South, where twenty-six churches have been built and four are building, with many more demands that cannot be supplied at present for lack of ministers. Universalists maintain the Congregational polity, and have suffered, like all churches of that type, from an excessive independency. This has now been so far corrected that they have a bishop, only not so called, but entitled "the General Superintendent." They are fortunate in having committed that office, the functions of which are advisory rather than authoritative, to so judicious a churchman as Dr. Isaac M. Atwood, of Rochester, whose wise administration has secured hearty indorsement of the policy of improved organization and oversight especially of missionary work, which his office stands for.

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Characteristics of the Convention

The temper of the Convention, as reflected in the addresses and discussions, was progressive and courageous. There seemed to be a feeling that Universalism was at length coming to its own in the utilizing of expanding opportunities. Dr. Pullman defined Universalism as "simply universalized Christianity—the central teachings of Jesus taken out from under encumbering and provincial accretions, and turned to a universal faith." Universalists regard Dr. Hosea Ballou 2d, who passed away forty years ago, as most influential in their formative period, and a chief source of the best characteristics of the body. The Convention sermon by Dr. John Coleman Adams on "Hosea Ballou and the Gospel Renaissance in the Nineteenth Century" made a deep impression, indicative, said one delegate, of "a Ballou revival." The general subjects on the Convention programme, which were presented in a variety of sub-topics, were "Universalism as the Key to the Thought Questions of the Twentieth Century," as "An Evangelizing Force in the Century," and as "The Solution of the Social Problems of the Century." The addresses on all these subjects were of a high order, and on the second one were touched with the evangelical warmth and loving confession of discipleship to Christ which is more marked among Universalists than Unitarians. Among minor matters on which the Convention pronounced was the report of the Committee on Penology, favoring life imprisonment as a substitute for capital punishment, which was adopted with applause. A Consecration Service closed the meeting, led by the Rev. Dr. Demarest, whose eighty-fifth year the Convention celebrated by enthusiastically re-electing him to its secretaryship. Mr. Charles L. Hutchinson, of Chicago, is succeeded in the presidency by Senator W. D. Washburn, of Minnesota. An item of the Convention statistics which speaks strongly for the character of present-day Universalism is that it has invested $5,000,000 in its educational institutions, though its entire investment in church property is but twice as much. Its Twentieth Century Fund for missionary purposes amounts to $100,000. Considering the number of eminent preachers in attendance, it is rather remarkable that only one evangelical pulpit in Buffalo was open to them on Sunday, October 20.

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The Canadian Reading Camp Movement

There is a movement on foot in the Province of Ontario to establish reading-rooms and a home-study system of elementary education at the lumbering, mining, and railroad construction camps. The object is twofold: educational and reformative. Not a few

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of the employees in these industries have for some cause missed the benefits of the public-school system, and can neither read nor write. It is found, however, that, when the opportunity is offered, with very little encouragement, many of these men (like the Highland Scotch when Dr. Norman McLeod opened schools), even men well advanced in years, gladly avail themselves of it. Well-illustrated books in easy English are provided in these reading camps, and the men are encouraged to help one another. It is hoped that in the near future the Provincial Government will find it advisable to provide instruction. In fact, the Dominion Educational Association at its last session in Ottawa indorsed the reading-camp movement, and emphasized the provision of instructors. Already experiments have been made with success in both the lumbering and mining camps. The teaching in the latter was mainly in elementary mineralogy, geology, and metallurgy. Current daily and weekly newspapers in both French and English and magazines are supplied, and also books in the form of traveling libraries. The object is also reformative. Intemperance and worse vices run riot in the lumbering and mining centers. It is believed that seventy-five per cent. of the employees spend nearly all their wages in the saloons. It is hoped that these reading and entertainment rooms will tend to withdraw these men from the liquor habit. The Ontario Minister of Education, the Hon. Richard Harcourt, has expressed the opinion that this provision will lessen the drink evil. In proof of his conviction he has secured a preliminary grant of $1,200 from the Legislature, to form the nucleus of a system of traveling libraries. Many leading employers in the lumbering and mining industries are showing their faith by their works; and not a few reading and club rooms are being built. The lumbermen of Ontario are putting up some twenty-five or thirty separate buildings at their camps. This will mean an outlay of about $5,000. Several club-rooms have been built, and rooms in other buildings fitted up as reading-rooms at the mining camps. It is probable that efforts will be made to secure a small grant of at least $50 for every building devoted exclusively to this purpose at the camps. This is only fair, in view of the large revenues derived from these industries. It is reasonable that governments should turn a small portion of the revenue over to the benefit of the men who exploit this wealth.

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The Bible and the Immigrant

Confessedly the immigrant problem is one of the most difficult with which we have to deal, because so many of those coming to us from other lands are not intelligent Christians. They have not been taught, and many of them never possessed a copy of the Scriptures. The New York Bible Society tries to place the whole or a portion of the Bible into the hands of each immigrant landing at Ellis Island without the Scriptures. Mr. Ernest Jackson, the immigrant agent, has met the 816 vessels that have arrived there within the last year. These vessels brought 410,107 immigrants to this country—11,007 more than came the previous year—whose poverty, ignorance, and lack of Christianity cause serious apprehensions in regard to the future welfare of our country. Realizing that the best remedy for these evils of error and ignorance is the knowledge of the way of life revealed in the Gospel, the Scriptures in whole or in part are offered to them. The Society gave to these immigrants 22,074 volumes in twenty-one different tongues. The largest number of these, 5,013, were given to German immigrants, and the next largest, 4,790, to Swedes. Many of these immigrants go through the gateways of New York to all parts of the country, but most remain here. No one can doubt that it is a good thing to greet strangers coming among us with a copy of the Bible. The Bible Society also visited 1,044 vessels in the harbor of New York and supplied the crews with 8,754 volumes, of which 1,105 men were on vessels supplied for the first time, and 78 new vessels were supplied. The largest number, 4,705, were presented to Americans, and the next, 2,712, were supplied to British sailors. Besides this the Society's agents visited 15,871 houses containing 84,235 families and servants, where they placed 4,388 volumes, mostly with those who were destitute. Such work deserves richly the support and encouragement of all good people. The figures given in the reports

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of the New York Bible Society show that the work is being carried on with energy.

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A Revival in Politics

Notwithstanding the traditional wisdom of the men who call themselves practical politicians, who deal with what are called practical politics, and who are scornful of idealists, reformers, and independents of all kinds, there is nothing in public life which so delights the hearts of men as the appearance of a sincere man who says what is in his mind, deals straight blows from the shoulder, and calls a spade a spade. Our politics are smitten with the plague of the commonplace, of conventional cowardice expressed in platitudes wearisomely reiterated campaign after campaign. Whenever a fresh voice is heard, and a man appears who has a mind of his own and is not afraid to express it, who does not trim his sails to every breeze, and, above all, who brings moral fervor into the field, he is immediately listened to; and if he is brave and strong enough, he becomes a leader. The greatest successes of recent years in public life have been won by disregard of the traditional wisdom of the practical politicians, in defiance of their judgment and in the face of their antagonism.

The popular feature of the campaign which closed in this city last Monday night was Judge Jerome's canvass; and that which gave his canvass interest was his directness, courage, independence, and frankness. He did not mince words; he said what he thought, he described what he had seen, and he brought into the campaign a fiery sincerity and a moral earnestness which took hold at once. It was like a breath of fresh air. His marked personality had something to do with the impression which he made; but the strong qualities in his personality were his directness, his frankness, and his moral fervor. From the beginning he treated the question at issue as one of morals and not of politics. His charges were definite and concrete; he gave time and place, he mentioned names; there was no evasion, no truckling, no attempt to secure the effect of an arraignment without incurring the danger of an attack on persons. He put Tammany Hall at the pillory and lashed it; and he has probably done more than any other man to awaken the conscience of New York to the moral hideousness of the alliance between the government of the city and the criminal classes. He spoke like a prophet because he felt with such intensity the moral degradation to which the city had been brought; his soul was aflame at the moral squalor of Tammany Hall and the men who represent it in the government of New York. His impatience, his outbursts of scorn, his earnest denunciation of indifference, stirred the audiences who heard him as they have not been stirred for many a day. It was upon those audiences that he fixed the responsibility for the condition of things in New York. It is the indifference of the well-to-do, the apathy of the educated, the sluggishness of the religious people of the city, which make the rule of Tammany Hall possible. An extract from a report in the New York "Sun" gives a striking illustration of his method, and shows the necessity of carrying a new spirit of moral intensity into public life:

"If you want to find a true American citizen, the man who has a trust that is pathetic in American institutions, the man who tries to be better and to do something for his country, go to the poor humble foreigner living in the tenements. You talk so much about helping him. What have you ever done for him? Why, it will be the tenements who will help the brownstone district if you don't look out. I have received a letter from a Russian Jew, a Socialist. He can't vote yet, but he has sent me $2 for this campaign. How many of you have given $2? How many of you have given $1, or one hour of your time? All the help we get that is in any way proportionate to means comes from the poor.

"I don't feel inclined to waste even bitter words on you. I know the clubs of this town, but I have seldom found a man in them who ever gives a thought to his country or his city. I know the people who go to Bar Harbor, Lenox, and Newport, and I know what they do there. Why, there's hardly one of them worthy of a decent burial. A few choice spirits among you have done something, but they are all condemned by the rest of you as cranks. That's what you do, you criticise evils that you never lift a finger to remedy. Perhaps I am wronging a few of you, but the number is so small as to be a negligible quantity. It has been a delight to me in this campaign to tell you, well groomed and in your own opinion God-fearing people, just what I think of you. You came here to-night, I suppose, as to a sort of political hippodrome, to hear somebody that has been advertised as 'a whirlwind.' But I must tell you what I feel

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and know, the things that have been burned into my heart for the last thirteen years. Take it to heart and see if I have not told the truth, not only about the vice on the East Side, but about you."

He told the story of the young girls imprisoned in houses of prostitution through the connivance and in some cases by the direct agency of Tammany men. Then, with reference to the horrors of which he had spoken, he asked:

"Have you done anything to remedy that? Have you, you good men and women, done anything to take the bodies of live girls out of the market in which procurers are the sellers and the madames are the buyers? No, you have not. Have you men, any of you, come forward with a man's courage to do anything to stop this brass-check horror? Have you women, any of you, done anything to make the men do their part? I don't think so."

This country stands in sore need of a closer touch between its religion and its public life. It would be a good thing both for the churches and the country if the next revival of religion could take place in politics rather than in the churches; if men could awaken to the necessity of making politics clean, of divorcing them from corruption, of attracting into public life the cleanest, finest, and ablest men, and of securing everywhere some sort of harmony between the ideals of the New Testament and the political life of the Nation. A breath of inspiration would redeem our politics if there could come a revival of religion in our public life; if men performed their public duties with the same fervor which in their best moments they bring to their religious duties, if their consciences were so quickened that they could not live in cities like New York and Philadelphia without taking instant and tireless action.

It is the moral indifference of the country which permits the intrenchment of corruption in government, and which makes it possible for rings and bosses to defy public opinion. In a community which has not grown callous, as Philadelphia has, such a state of things as has obtained in that city during the last few years would be impossible. Nothing but moral apathy and the deadening of the general conscience can explain the continuance of the rule of Tammany in New York or of the Republican ring in Philadelphia. When a real revival comes, it will not stop with the churches; it will immediately manifest itself in a fiery indignation against the men who are prostituting public office and corrupting public life in every possible way.

The meeting of two hundred clergymen last week to discuss the situation in Philadelphia, and to devise means to redeem the city from the organized plunderers into whose hands it has fallen, was an encouraging sign of the times. Ministers and churches have no right to remain silent. The minister in New York or Philadelphia who refuses to touch public affairs has suffered the same deadening of the moral sense which has benumbed the conscience of the people of these two cities. No pulpit has a right to remain silent when a city government is allied with thievery, gambling, and prostitution; no minister has a right to talk abstract religion to his congregation when the debauching of young girls is carried on in the manner in which Judge Jerome has described during the last two weeks.

The campaign in New York is over, but the fight has only begun. It cannot be won by appeals for better political methods for the sake of better transaction of public business; it can only be won by a fiery moral enthusiasm, quickened into life by hatred of the immorality which has intrenched itself in so many centers of government, and which will not yield until it is destroyed by a public opinion thoroughly organized and wisely directed, but made resolute and invincible by moral fervor.

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A Great Witness

Every age presents a new point of view, and in every century the attitude of thinking men and women towards the problems of life is modified or changed. The fundamental questions which are presented in every field of thought and endeavor are not answered as the result of speculative processes; they are thought out, but in a still deeper sense they are worked out. It is inevitable, therefore, that each age should concern itself with a group of specific truths, and put its energy into the solution of specific problems. For this reason every age is somewhat one-sided; it overvalues certain aspects of truth and undervalues others; and it is, therefore, essential for balance, sanity, and symmetry that each age should keep itself in touch with the formative periods

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of the past. It is for this reason among others that the great creative works of literature possess a permanent interest for each successive period and present supreme claims upon the attention of every age.

Such a study as Mr. Charles Allen Dinsmore's exposition of "The Teachings of Dante," which bears the imprint of Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., is of importance because it presents a clear and deeply interesting survey of the ideas which underlie a great poet's interpretation of life and of his method of conceiving of some of the great facts of experience. In such an age as this, with its vast expansion of interest, its faith in progress, its deep humanitarianism, its tendency to emphasize service rather than devotion as the expression of the religious feeling, there is a peculiar need of a great witness to the deepest facts of experience. Such a witness was Dante. To the men of our time, confronted with vast commercial opportunities, and with immense material interests of every sort pressing on their hands, he stands a victorious and commanding witness to the reality of the spiritual basis of life. In the presence of such a genius combined with such a personality as his, that basis is seen to be the only enduring foundation, the one lasting reality. Into the very heart of the tumultuous material activity of the twentieth century this stern old teacher of the thirteenth century brings his indomitable idealism, his clarity of vision, in which all temporal things are seen in the searching light of eternity and time itself appears but a fragment of eternity from which the veil has lifted.

To our tendency to diffuse over a wide field of interests and activities Dante opposes his tremendous concentration; the fixed purpose of an iron will solidified into twenty years of heroic toil; a concentration which absorbed all the vital juices of the man's nature, trained his experience, and evoked the full power of his genius in one magnificent and imperishable achievement. Our age needs little incentive to work, for no other age has worked harder; but it does need Dante's splendid example of work which was not only heroic, but held with unbending fidelity to one great end.

In this age of tolerance, kindliness, and wide sympathy, Dante comes also with his intense hatred of every kind of wrong; a hatred which sometimes identified the sinner with the sin and punished the one through hatred of the other. The tendency of our time—the weakness of its strength—is the temptation to lose the old-time horror of sin; to regard it in a certain sense as inevitable; as imperfection rather than moral offense; to condone it by too much familiarity; to confuse the sinner with his sin, and in the endeavor to save one to compromise with the other. Dante's soul fairly flamed with hatred of sin. He saw it always as the antithesis of righteousness, as the enemy of God, as the destroyer of the soul, as the stain on the white garments of humanity. He brushed aside every illusion, exposed every pretension, indignantly stripped off every beautiful mask, and made sin appear as hideous in its initial stages as it is seen to be when it has accomplished its work. In this attitude of unbending hostility and uncompromising animosity, Dante was the witness of a great truth which in our more tolerant and expansive period is constantly overlooked. Hatred of sin grows out of any really deep and vital view of its significance; and when men become indifferent or easy-going with regard to it, it is because they have lost their insight into its essential nature. To really see it as it is, behind all its disguises, is to recognize that it is the essence of all meanness, vulgarity, and crime.

In our age, with its immense multiplication of instruments and its expansion of machinery, Dante comes as a witness to the truth that the greatness of man lies wholly in himself, and that what he makes with his hands, however impressive and marvelous, is valuable chiefly because it evidences the power of his mind and facilitates the higher working of his life. Machinery, however adroit, exquisitely adapted to its ends, and marvelously elaborated, can never become alive: it is man only who lives; it is man only who is supremely important. It is the greatness of man, not his wealth, which is to be sought for; it is the freedom of man, not his comfort, which is the supreme interest of society. In exile, without friends, in the bitterness of a great solitude, with no help from his kind, Dante performed a work which is perhaps the greatest

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achievement of an entire period; of more value to humanity than all the material products of half a dozen centuries. In this fact, no less than in his teaching, is to be found the exposition of the great truth that society stands, not for the care of the body, but for the nobility of the soul; that the measure of an age is the greatness of its spirit, not the extent of its commerce; and that there is no permanent prosperity which is not based upon righteousness. The "Divine Comedy" is a text-book for the twentieth century; it cannot be studied too faithfully by those who are striving to shape the fortunes of the new age.

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National Dissatisfaction

Lord Rosebery may not always be a wise leader, but he never makes a speech without saying many things which are notable, not only for facility of phrase, but for substance of idea. In a recent address he declared that "a great trained and intelligent population, capable of sustained thinking on public questions, is essential to success in the modern world;" he emphasized the truth that nations cannot afford to be self-complacent—"the nation which is satisfied is lost;" "self-complacency is a fatal gift;" and as a practical conclusion he urged the necessity of cultivating "a spirit of honest dissatisfaction as opposed to complacency." Lord Rosebery spoke to a people who need this kind of advice; but it is quite as much needed on this side the Atlantic as in England. Perhaps it is even more needed; for there are hosts of people in America who hold that because a thing is American it is therefore the best, because a custom is American it cannot be improved, and who set themselves squarely in the way of the highest development of the Nation by preaching a doctrine of a blind, comfortable self-complacency.

Complacency has no more place in the life of a growing nation than in the life of a growing man. No matter how great a man's achievements may be, if he has the right spirit he never indulges in complacency, because he is always measuring what he has done against his possibilities, and taking account of himself, not by comparison with his competitors, but by comparison with his ideals. This is true of great nations. One of the obstacles against which China has to contend is the complacency of her people, the almost invincible self-satisfaction with which they are clothed, which shuts the minds of a great majority against any honest comparison of the condition of the country with the condition of other countries.

There is too much censorious and thoughtless criticism in America; there are too many people who, without mastering the facts of any situation, are ready to condemn the policies of men and of parties, the attitude of individuals and of the country. We have had enough of this kind of captious, irrational, unmanly criticism—a criticism which is essentially effeminate in the worst sense because it is purely personal. It is not based on adequate knowledge, it is not the expression of judgment; it is a combination of impatience, ignorance, and conceit. There has been too much of this kind of criticism of our public men; criticism which has bred an attitude towards public men that has sensibly diminished the dignity attached to their position, and therefore their influence.

We do need, however, another kind of dissatisfaction: that noble discontent which measures the achievements and attainments of the country with the highest possible standards, and which eliminates self-complacency by making the Nation understand how little it has accomplished compared with what it ought to have done. A happy people is contented but never satisfied; it appreciates what it has secured and is grateful for what has been given it, but it is never satisfied with what it has done.

Americans have put themselves in the forefront of the modern world by virtue of their energy, their intelligence, their strong handling of their resources; but he is a very blind American who does not carry in his heart the burden of unsolved problems, and on his conscience the shame of unredressed wrongs. We do not want a discontented America, but we do want a dissatisfied America; an America entirely free from self-complacency; an America fully aware of its own defects and resolutely determined to overcome them; an America which finds joy in its ideals, not in its attainments.

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The Spectator

The five white tents in the camp stretched along a ridge beside the Nicholas County road. At the foot of the ridge the Gauley River rushed down over the rocks or swirled about in fishing pools. Just across the road from the camp, and again on the other side of the river, as far up and down the valley as one could see, the hills rose wild and beautiful, green-wooded to their tops except where great ledges of bare rock thrust the trees aside. In any other place these ridges on the earth's surface would have been called mountains. Here in West Virginia, where there are so many loftier summits, they are only hills. Sometimes the members of the Spectator's party wondered whose land they were camping on, but it was near a good spring and evidently public camping ground, for the embers marked where numberless camp-fires had preceded theirs.

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One evening, as the Spectator was picking his way up the rocky bed of a tiny creek which flowed into the Gauley near the camp, a man riding a good gray horse overtook him.

"Howdy?" the man said.

"Howdy?" said the Spectator, and added, "Who owns all this land around here?"

"It all's just been sold," the horseman answered; "nineteen thousand acres in one lump. It all belonged to some heirs, an' they sold it. I forget the name of the man what bought it."

A minute later he added, as an afterthought, "It's the same man as bought the K. & M. [Kanawha and Michigan] railroad last spring."

Thus it was that the Spectator learned that he was a squatter, for the time being, on the property of J. Pierpont Morgan.

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All this country is rich in soft coal, and great tracts like this one are being bought up by the coal companies to be held against future needs. There were four houses in the valley of this creek, strung at intervals of half a mile along the stream. The only highway by which the people living there had access to the county road was the bed of the creek itself, often for rods in succession a mass of water-worn cobblestones or solid bed-rock over which the water slipped in clear thin sheets. The horseman lived in the last of the houses. The Spectator asked him what rent people living as he and his neighbors lived paid.

"Ten dollars a year, the most of them, and they can cultivate as much land or as little as they choose. There's a heap more of it than will ever be used. I pay only a dollar a year myself, because I've been a sort of agent to look out for the land."

This man said that, so far as he knew, there were not more than twelve or fifteen families living on the nineteen thousand acres. A county official told the Spectator later that, as a matter of fact, not many of these people paid any rent except the taxes on such portion of the land as they occupied, and specified a man living near the camp from whom the year before he had collected $2.47 taxes, and who had paid nothing more. This man had not even been to the expense of providing a house, having moved into one which he found deserted by some former occupant. The Spectator asked the horseman if the tract of land of which they had been speaking would not accommodate many more tenants.

"It certainly would; a heap more."

"Would the people living here now object to other people moving in?"

"No, *sir*. They'd like to have 'em come."

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That night around the camp-fire the talk was of the neighboring families and the nineteen thousand acres of land, and of the thousands of people crowded into cities who might find homes here for the taking. The leader of the party said that the buying up of land in such great tracts was a misfortune, and unfavorable to the development of the country—that only "no account" squatters would settle on land under these conditions, and that they would not improve it because they would not be sure of possession. There were others in the party who argued that the man who embarks in almost any business must run some risk, and that the risk involved here was reasonable when the small investment necessary was considered, and the advantage of having one's home in this country.

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This climate makes a simple home comfortable. The majority of the houses outside the villages are built of rough boards with "battened" joints, or else of hewn logs. The house to which the Spectator was going with a tin pail for milk when the horseman overtook him was a log house, built of great poplar sticks two feet wide and eight inches thick, hand-hewn, and gray with age. The three rooms, rather scant of windows and rough as to finish, looked comfortable, but the family seemed to live mostly on a rude veranda which stretched along the whole front of the house, where strings of "leather-breeches" beans hung to dry. The view from the veranda was across an Alp-like yard where marigolds and zinnias flamed royally, and thence across the creek right into the side of a hill. In no direction, except up into the sky, could the occupants of the house look for more than fifty rods without having their view cut off by a mountain. The "farm" was back of the house, and most of it was set up edgeways, but the soil bore good crops, and the people were counted well-to-do and comfortable, albeit they went barefoot most of the time and kept three dogs. This was not wholly what is known in that region as a "hand-made" house. Such a house there was, farther up among the hills, where not only were the hewn timbers covered with split shingles, but even the few nails required were made by the neighborhood blacksmith. Much of the furniture in this house, too, even bedsteads and chairs, was cut out by the ax and shave and knife of the owner.

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One cannot live among these West Virginia hill people and not learn to like them and respect them—drawing the line at "sang-diggers" and "cliff-dwellers." In general, they have a superb physical development—no extra flesh, but tall, straight, and strong; and they look one in the eye. They are independent in a self-respecting way, and accept no favors they cannot return. A Nicholas County farmer on his way to market, stopping for the night near the camp, would accept an invitation to supper only on condition that his hosts crack a watermelon from his wagon with him after the meal. They are intelligent, too, for their opportunities, most of them, even if one man passing camp did stop to ask if a big portable tin bath-tub, which one of the party had brought to camp with him, was some kind of a boat. What was the use of having a bath-tub there, anyway, with the Gauley River at one's feet? This hill country of West Virginia is as well supplied with neat little wooden schoolhouses as any part of New England, and the standard required of the teachers is said to be high. Near the camp lived a fourteen-year-old boy who, when school was in session, went to one of these houses "up the river." This boy—although he could row a boat, and fish, and fire a gun, and set his dog on the wandering hogs that beset the camp kitchen—had a face so pure and beautiful that a painter might have set it in a saint's retinue.

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The next day the Spectator went to visit a coal-mine far up among the hills. A young giant took him in charge, and showed him how to brace himself in the empty coal-car in which he was to be dragged up 1,350 feet of incline on the mountain side, somewhat steeper than the roof of a house, by a wire rope hitched—so one would have said looking up to it from the valley below—to a pulley among the clouds. Oh, the wonder and beauty of the view from that mountain-top when the car reached it! Hill after hill rolled away beyond one another into the sky. Between them, narrow valleys, sometimes with a thread of silver creek at the bottom; here and there a house, and smooth patches of lighter green marking corn-fields. When the two men came from out the mine, afterward, and the guide had blown out the smoky little lamp which had lighted them, he straightened up to his whole superb height, and, throwing back his shoulders so as to draw in a long breath, stood looking down into the valley. "How beautiful this country is!" the Spectator said. The young miner looked down at him. "I love it," he said. "I was born here among the hills, and I'm just uneasy anywhere else. I've tried it, but I always come back. When the laurel-bushes blossom here in the spring, it's the prettiest place I ever saw. Men ain't always to be trusted, but these hills are always just the same."

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Booker Washington's Personality

By Max Bennett Thrasher

DURING the last five years I have been to Tuskegee, Ala., several times, in the course of my newspaper work, to report the sessions of the Tuskegee Negro Conference, or to write of the work of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial Institute. I have also had the pleasure at certain other times of being associated with the Principal of the school, Mr. Booker T. Washington, in connection with newspaper and magazine work upon which I have been engaged. I propose, in what might perhaps be called an "anecdotal" article, to describe Mr. Washington as I have seen him, and his ways at work and at play.

To give some idea of the amount of travel which Mr. Washington's work requires of him, I copy a few entries from my diary, made in the fall of 1900, when I was doing some work with him in New York:

October 24. Mr. Washington arrived here from Tuskegee this morning. In the afternoon we went to Springfield, Mass., where he spoke before two great meetings of the American Missionary Association.

October 25. Came back to New York last night, reaching here at 7 A.M.

October 26. Went to Great Barrington, Mass., where Mr. Washington spoke in the evening before the High School.

October 27. Went by train from Great Barrington to Lenox and made some calls. Drove from Lenox to Pittsfield, and took train from there to Adams, where we were the guests of Mr. W. B. Plunkett.

October 28. Sunday. Mr. Washington spoke twice in the Congregational church.

October 29. Came back to New York.

October 30. Mr. Washington has gone to Norristown, Pa., to speak.

October 31. Mr. Washington back here to give final directions to the four Tuskegee men who sail to-day for Africa, under the auspices of the German Government, to teach cotton-raising to the natives in a German colony there.

November 1. Mr. Washington started to-day for Columbia, S. C., to attend a conference of officials connected with the Charleston Inter-State and West Indian Exposition.

From Charleston Mr. Washington went to Tuskegee, but he must have started again almost immediately, for I find under date of November 8, "Mr. Washington reached New York this afternoon to speak at the General Howard dinner at the Waldorf." On the evening of November 10 he was a guest at the dinner which the Lotus Club gave to Mark Twain, and on November 11 he started for Charleston, W. Va., his old home. On November 14 he was back in New York again, and the next day went to Boston to speak before a Catholic literary society. On Sunday, November 16, he had returned to New York, and on Monday evening spoke before the Congregational Club. November 21 he went to Boston again.

This is the story of less than a month, taken at random, and it is probably far from complete, for I had no idea at the time that I would have occasion to refer to the record, and so wrote down only such items as occurred readily to me.

Mr. Washington frequently has to put forth much effort to make his dates connect. I remember once coming with him from Tuskegee to Washington, when he was to speak in Washington one night and in Columbus, O., the next. It was only by having a carriage at the door of the church where he spoke in Washington that we were able to make the train which we must take to leave that city. Our train was due in Columbus at 7:45 P.M., and Mr. Washington was to speak at 8 P.M. before the General Conference of the African Methodist Episcopal Church—an audience of four thousand persons. At 7:30 P.M. we were still forty miles from Columbus, and Mr. Washington came to me with a distressed face, looking at his watch, and asked me to send a telegram from the next station at which the train stopped, saying that he would be late. The conductor happened to pass through the car just then, and, seeing us looking at our watches, glanced that way himself, and then reminded us that we had forgotten to set the hands back an hour at Pittsburg, where the time had changed. We were saved. We reached Columbus just on time. Mr. Washington was rushed off by a reception committee to have some supper and change his clothes, while a

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good bishop went to the auditorium to—as he said—"keep the audience singing" until Mr. Washington could get there.

People sometimes comment on the great amount of work which Mr. Washington does—the number of meetings which he addresses—but few know how much he really does accomplish in this way. In the fall of 1899 I happened to be in New Orleans with Mr. Washington, who had gone to that city to speak before the Longshoremen's Protective Benefit Association, an organization composed of about five hundred colored men who work upon the wharves of the city. Mr. Washington did not reach New Orleans until 8 A.M., and was driven from the station to the home of one of the officers of the Association, where a breakfast was served to which several guests had been invited to meet him. Starting at 10 A.M., he visited in turn Leland University, the New Orleans University, the Southern University, and the famous "Thomy Lafon" School. At all but one of these places Mr. Washington spoke to the assembled students, besides going over the buildings. He next went to the City Hall, where, by appointment, he called upon the Mayor, who was to introduce him at the evening meeting. From the City Hall he was driven to Straight University, and addressed the students there. From Straight he went to the Fisk School, which, like all the schools which he had visited, is for colored pupils. Here he spoke from a balcony to the children from all the rooms gathered in the yard below. After this came an hour's reception at the office of the President of the Association, a conference with a committee interested in establishing an industrial school for colored children in New Orleans, and then dinner, to which a number of guests were invited. At 8 P.M. he made the address for which he had come to the city, before a large audience, and after that was the guest of a local society at a reception and banquet, at which he spoke again, this being the seventh public address which he had made that day.

I remember that in one of these talks Mr. Washington, referring to his belief that the most profitable education of the people of his race required various methods, according to the needs of the people under different conditions, told a story of an old colored preacher who was endeavoring to explain to his congregation how it was that the Children of Israel passed over the Red Sea safely, while the Egyptians, who came after them, were drowned. The old man said: "My brethren, it was this way. When the Israelites passed over, it was early in the morning, while it was cold, and the ice was strong enough so that they went over all right; but when the Egyptians came along it was in the middle of the day, and the sun had thawed the ice so that it gave way under them, and they were drowned."

At this, a young man in the congregation, who had been away to school and had come home, rose and said: "I don't see how that explanation can be right, parson. The geography that I've been studying tells us that ice never forms under the equator, and the Red Sea is nearly under the equator."

"There, now," said the old preacher, "that's all right. I's been 'spectin' some of you smart Alecks would be askin' jest some such fool question. The time I was talkin' about was before they had any jogafries or 'quators either."

"That good old man," said Mr. Washington, "was just trying in his simple manner to brush away the cobwebs which stood in the way of his logic. By some such method the misconceptions which hamper the course of education for the colored people must be removed, before the best results can be attained."

One chief element of Mr. Washington's success as a public speaker is his ability to tell a story well, and to have his stories illustrate just the point which he wants to make. People who have heard him speak several times sometimes wonder where he can get so many good stories. He is on the watch for them all the time, and whenever he hears one which can be used to good advantage in his talks, he fixes it in his mind.

Once on board a train in Virginia the talk touched, in some way which I have forgotten now, the subject of the old-time Southern servants. A man whose dress showed him to be a clergyman, and who I afterwards learned was the rector of one of the oldest and most distinguished Episcopal churches in the State, said that he had taken charge of the parish where

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he was then located during the year previous, and had moved into the rectory which went with the church. His predecessor had died in office, after a long pastorate. When the new family came to the rectory to live, they found there an old colored man who had been employed about the grounds for many years, and hired him to remain with them and continue at this work.

"One day last summer," the rector said, "my wife decided that she would like a certain shrub in the garden better if it stood in another place, and the next morning told old John to dig it up and move it. Along in the middle of the day she was out in the garden, and, seeing that the shrub had not been transplanted, said, 'John, don't forget to move that bush there as I told you.'

"'Yes, marm,' said John.

"That afternoon my wife was away from home. When she returned, late in the day, she saw that the plant had not been disturbed. Annoyed at the man's disregard of her wishes, she called him to her and spoke to him rather sharply:

"'Didn't I tell you twice to move that shrub there over to the other side of the garden?'

"'Yes, marm, you certainly did.'

"'And you told me you would?'

"'Yes, marm, I surely did.'

"'What do you mean, then, by distinctly disobeying me?'

"My wife said the old man laid down the hoe he had been using, and, coming up in front of her, took off his hat and stopped a minute before he answered, as if he was struggling between his sense of duty to her and his own feelings. When he finally looked up, she was astonished to see that the tears were streaming down his face.

"'I hope you'll 'scuse me, marm,' he said, 'I surely hope you will; but I can't move that bush.'

"'Can't move that bush! Why?' It was not a large one.

"The old man dropped his hat and clasped his hands together. 'Oh, marm,' he said, 'my old missis, what's dead now, planted that bush right there. I can't dig it up.'"

The bush was not moved.

Mr. Washington was to speak that night in the Opera-House in Richmond. Both Houses of the Virginia Legislature attended in a body, as did also the officials of the city government. Besides these there were many other prominent white men present, so that, without doubt, the audience was representative of the most intelligent white citizenship of the State. In the course of his address Mr. Washington made an eloquent appeal in behalf of the people of his race that no change in the school laws of the State be made to the detriment of the colored schools, and told this story of the old negro gardener who could not move the bush because his dead white "missis" set it out. More than one strong man in the audience was brushing the tears out of his eyes before the story was done, and felt no sensitiveness about having his neighbor see him do it.

That a person who has as much on his mind as Mr. Washington has should be absent-minded at times is not strange. The only wonder is that instances of this do not occur oftener than they do. The students at Tuskegee still tell with delight of one Sunday last winter, when, at the close of the forenoon services in the school chapel, while the young men and women were still seated waiting for the beginning of the Sunday-school exercises, Mr. Washington rose, and, calmly spreading an umbrella which he had with him, deliberately walked across the great chapel with the umbrella poised over his head, quite oblivious to the fact that he had not yet reached the outdoor air where it would be needed.

It was only human that a ripple of laughter should have swept over the room after the Principal had gone out, and that more than one student should have nudged his neighbor and whispered, "Did you just see Mr. B. T.? If we had done that, the Major"—the military instructor and disciplinarian of the school—"would have given us more than one warning. We'd have got three warnings, sure."

The term "Mr. B. T.," by which the students almost universally designate the Principal of the school, is used, I think, partly because it unconsciously expresses more of affection and regard than the more formal "Mr. Washington" would do, and partly because the presence at the school of the Principal's two brothers makes "Mr. Washington" rather an in-

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definite designation here. As a result we have, almost constantly, except in direct address to the men themselves, "Mr. B. T.," "Mr. J. H.," and "Mr. J. B." Mr. Washington's two brothers followed him to Hampton, and after they had graduated there, years ago, came to help him here. Mr. J. H. Washington is at the head of the industrial department. Mr. J. B. Washington is the postmaster at the school.

A striking illustration of the affection which Mr. Washington's pupils have for him, and of the devotion to the school and its work which he is able to inspire, came to my notice one day quite by accident. I had called at the home of a woman who was one of the early graduates of the school, and who is now married and living in Montgomery. The woman's little boy—perhaps three years old—came into the room while we were talking, bringing with him a long white paper roll, and, leaning against his mother's knee, said, in his childish way, "I wants to see Mr. Was'in'ton." The woman unwound the roll—it proved to be one of the large lithographs of Mr. Washington such as are displayed in shop windows to announce his addresses—and held it up where the boy could look at it. A moment later she said, "Do you love Mr. Washington?"

The child took his eyes from the picture, and, turning them up to his mother's face, said slowly, "Ess, I do."

"That's right," said the mother. "When you are big enough, mother's surely going to send you to be a little Tuskegean."

The country colored people throughout the South speak of Mr. Washington among themselves very generally as "Booker," or sometimes, quite regardless of comparative ages, "Uncle Booker." A young man employed by the Institute to go about among the people and interest them in the Tuskegee Negro Conference told me of one old woman whom he tried to get to promise to come to Tuskegee to a session of this Conference.

"If I come," said she, "will I see Uncle Booker?"

"Yes," said the young man, "you will see Mr. Washington, and hear him make a speech."

"I don't care nuffin 'bout no speech," the woman, who was almost twice Mr. Washington's age, said. "All I wants is jest to set 'way back in some corner where I can peek out an' look at Uncle Booker."

I think that one of the very best characterizations of Mr. Washington that I ever heard was that of a colored preacher who made the opening prayer at a meeting in the Opera-House in Charleston, West Virginia, when Mr. Washington was to address a great audience there. He thanked the Lord for having given the race "a leader with such a consecrated character and so much practical common sense."

Mr. Washington has spoken so much in public that his personal appearance is quite generally known by this time, but the comments of people who see him for the first time are sometimes amusing. A colored school-teacher in Texas, who had read and heard much about Mr. Washington, but had never seen him, came to Tuskegee to attend a session of the Negro Conference. While he was here he wrote back to a paper published in his town a letter in which was this sentence: "At first sight Booker T. Washington is a little disappointing. When we hear of a man who is the talk of two continents, who has earned a degree from Harvard University, who is a student of economics and sociology, who controls and is the soul of the greatest institution for the race, we are apt to think of him as a striking personality, a magnificent animal, so to speak. Booker T. Washington is not a type of that class. He is not as striking a man in appearance as others whom you will see at the Tuskegee Conference, but, all the same, when the meeting is over, there is no doubt who is the master, and why it is so. Mr. Washington is an artist in the skill with which he handles crowds, makes them get down to business, and impresses upon them his own ideas. He is emphatically a business man. He has a large stock of patience, a quick wit, and a faculty of getting at the meat of the cocoanut every time."

Mr. Washington was once to speak in a large Southern city to which, previous to that time, he had never been. A young colored man who had arranged for the meeting went to the station to meet Mr. Washington, but not finding him, as he supposed, went back home. Afterwards,

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when he saw Mr. Washington, and learned that he had really come on the train on which he had been expected, this man confessed in his chagrin, "Why, yes, I saw that man. We walked around each other three or four times, looking for each other, I suppose. But somehow I was expecting to see a big man, with a tall hat, and perhaps gold spectacles, and a general air of fame."

Mr. Washington, on his own part, was equally misled. He had seen this young man at the station, but so youthful-looking was he that he had thought him only a boy, and had never supposed he could be the person with whom he had been corresponding, and who had made all the arrangements for what proved to be an exceptionally large and successful meeting. This young man, Mr. Emmett J. Scott, afterwards became Mr. Washington's private secretary, and in that position has proved such an efficient helper that Mr. Washington has repeatedly said that he could not begin to do the great amount of work he does if it were not for Mr. Scott's assistance.

It is impossible that a man who is before the public as much as Mr. Washington is should not suffer at times from misrepresentation, either unintentional or willful. One of the most recent instances of this was a statement, rather widely printed, that Mr. Washington, in reply to an inquiry of President Roosevelt, had advised that only the best class of white men be appointed to office in the South. Mr. Washington has studiously kept out of politics, having declined offers of positions which would have tempted most men; and such an error as this is therefore particularly annoying. I happen to know beyond any question of doubt that, so far as Mr. Washington has ever expressed an opinion on this subject, it was that, when men of either race are to be appointed to office in the South, only the best men should be appointed.

A Visit to the Boers in Bermuda

By Frank Schell Ballentine

NAPOLEON was finally sent to St. Helena because it had been found a very difficult thing to keep him secure in any other way. Cronje was sent to St. Helena to make sure of his whereabouts; and now it has become the fixed policy of Great Britain to transport all her Boer prisoners of war to distant islands like St. Helena, Bermuda, and Ceylon. For she can there keep them secure with less expenditure of men and means than she could possibly do anywhere in South Africa.

Bermuda seems to have been selected as a Boer prison camp because of its impregnable position as a British fortress, its numerous available islands, and its general reputation for favorable climatic conditions.

It must be admitted that the Imperial Government went about its preparations for the reception of the Boers in Bermuda in a painstaking and businesslike way. For ordinary conditions of wind and of weather, nothing better could be devised. The sanitary conditions under ordinary circumstances are all that could be desired. The limited area of the islands does not allow much space for exercise in the way of games afield, but so long as conditions remain as they have been so far, all will go well. The barbed-wire entanglement surrounding the laagers would not amount to much if the guards were not on the watch day and night, and if the Boers were not on small islands from which they can get away, as a rule, only by means of a boat.

The bell-shaped tents provided for them are the same as those used by their guards, and the number quartered in each is seven, just as it is with the British soldier. It is the same with their food, only, it is said, the Boer gets even more than Tommy Atkins.

The official ration for the Boer is as follows: Bread, 1¼ lbs.; meat, 1 lb.; coffee, ⅔ oz.; sugar, 2 oz.; salt, ½ oz.; pepper, 1-36 oz.; potatoes, 8 oz. The Boers do their cooking in some of the laagers by single tents and in others by lines of tents.

Their officers are allowed a tent for every two or three of them, and they eat,

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as well, by themselves. All have the privilege of increasing their rations by purchase from the laager canteen.

All minor cases of discipline in the laager are left to the Boer officers to settle, just as if they were free and in their own country. Commandant Ferreirra is in this way in charge in the laager on Darrell's Island, and is said by the British officers to maintain excellent discipline. Once in a while, however, insubordination arises, and the British officer in charge of the island must deal with it. A boy, for instance, hit an old man over the head with a bucket at the place of drawing water. He refused to submit to the Boer Commandant because, he said, he was a British subject. "He ought to have been shot at once," a British officer asserted in our presence, "and he would have been shot, if it had not been for fear of public opinion."

Some of the Boers are by no means penniless, but the great bulk of them have not a decent suit of clothes to their back. Some of them are so destitute that they have been compelled to cut up their blankets in order to replenish their wardrobes. This means that they will be in sore straits when the chill winds of winter come on, if they are not able to make good their deficiency.

To this end the British authorities have offered them work in various capacities, in particular on the streets and at the coal wharves in Hamilton. But the remuneration is only two cents an hour, and the working day is not more than five hours long; for they can get to such work only by the duty boat, and the time of its going and coming will not allow for a longer work-day for them. Not only so, but such work is so laborious for men on prison fare, and it makes their clothes so dirty, that most of them refuse to do it. For they have no fresh water to wash their clothes in, and experience has taught them that they cannot wash them at all satisfactorily in sea-water.

What this means can be better understood by Americans when they are told that there are very few wells in Bermuda. About all the fresh water used for washing and drinking purposes is rain-water, gathered from the roofs of houses caught in large cisterns. But there are no houses on the islands where the Boer laagers are, so there is no fresh water. At first it was brought to the Boers by boat from St. George's, but now condensers are being put up on all the islands. But these can supply them with water only for drinking and cooking purposes. And even to get sufficient for that purpose has been continually taxing the ingenuity of the British military authorities, and causing them an endless amount of annoyance. In the first place, this has been so because of the unprecedented drought in the islands during the past summer. This has been so severe that the oldest and best-to-do people have from time to time been depending on their neighbors to help them out from their more abundant store. In the second place, it has been so because, even though the condensers have been erected as rapidly as possible, there has been considerable trouble in getting them into proper working order. And even when this has once been done, the unskilled labor of the soldiers has succeeded in burning out the bottom of one, disabling another, etc., so that instead of each condenser supplying six hundred gallons an hour, it does not supply three hundred. The one on Darrell's Island supplies about four thousand gallons a day.

It was reported in Hamilton that the British Government was supplying the Boers with clothes as well as sufficient food. But on inquiry we learned from Boer sources that this was to be done only on condition that the Boers themselves pay for them.

One of the most satisfactory sights in the Boer laagers is to see the men who can do it engaged in carving various trinkets and curios, such as penholders, cigar-holders, pipes, boxes, canes, Kruger heads on panels, etc., etc. Some have rough, self-constructed lathes turned by two men to facilitate their work.

Miss Elwes, the Governor's niece, a number of British officers, and some prominent citizens of Bermuda have formed an association to aid the Boers in disposing of the product of their labor, and to receive gifts of clothing, material, books, papers, etc., for them.

It is said that some land on their islands is also to be allowed them, where they can cultivate the soil and raise the various fruits and vegetables common in Bermuda.

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The Association for the Relief of the Boers has established on agency on Queen Street, Hamilton, in a little shop called the Fernery, where the toys and curios are exposed for sale. This place is so situated as to be handy for American visitors, who have been the main buyers so far, and are expected to be even more so during the coming winter.

The crying need of the Boer prisoners in the near future, as the winter approaches, will be clothing and blankets and materials for patching, darning, button-sewing, etc.

The population of Bermuda is only about seven thousand whites, and is therefore not at all adequate to provide for the deficiencies in the Boer camps. In fact, it is only a very few of these who have enough sympathy with the prisoners to lend them any assistance. Here is a chance for American pro-Boer sympathizers right at their doors.

The commander of the guard having the Boer prisoners in charge, Colonel M. Quayle Jones, is ready to receive and forward all proper materials sent to his prisoners. The Quebec Steamship Company, Pier 47, foot of Tenth Street, New York, we understand, is ready to transport them free of charge.

To facilitate the forwarding of such assistance, Colonel Jones has sent out the following list of articles: Copy-books, English grammars, geographies, large maps of Africa, Tonic Sol-Fa modulator (Taylor's), pens, slates, pencils with nibs, note and writing paper, blotting-paper, socks, boots, shoes for boys under fifteen, old coal-oil cans for buckets and stout wire for handles, arm-chairs for the old men, condensed milk for the boys and the old men, coffee, small kettles, towels, pocket-handkerchiefs, straw hats, waterproofs, umbrellas, cakes, sweets, fruits, sweet biscuits for the boys, and tobacco for the men. A harmonium is very much desired on each of the five or six islands, and materials for a barber-shop. About twenty-five Dutch Bibles would be exceedingly acceptable to that many men, who went out to war with their Bibles on their persons, but lost them in the changes and chances of uncertain battle.

When winter comes on, with its high winds and penetrating rain-storms, tents will be leveled and time and again blown into the sea. Then will come continual drenchings to the skin, and chills to the bone. For so severe are the Bermuda storms that even the best-constructed houses in the islands are at times but as paper in the breeze. At other times they stand the strain of the wind satisfactorily enough, but the water searches every crack and crevice so completely that it succeeds in soaking through into their innermost rooms. And this, too, even though they are all built of stone. For the stone is soft and porous and the construction is not so careful as such occasions necessarily require. Unless something more radical has been done for the Boers in Bermuda, therefore, before such weather sets in, we can "look for twenty funerals a week among them," in the language of an experienced British officer, and consequent troubles of another kind, not a few.

In our visit to the Boer laager on Darrell's Island, which at the time was the largest of them all, the first thing to attract our attention and to keep it was the great proportion of boys on all sides. The English officer accompanying us informed us, in an apologetic way, even before we asked him, that these boys were taken with their fathers in the trenches and had been substantially taking the places of men in the battles. They would carry shot and shell, he said. They would act as water-carriers. They would creep to the tops of kopjes and bring back information of the whereabouts of the foe, etc. But from the Boers we afterward heard that out of a certain gathering of twenty-four such boys on the islands who were specifically questioned on this point, only six or seven had their fathers with them, and not all of those six or seven had even taken any part at all in the war.

Little Peter Cronje, for instance, the youngest of them all (he was only eight when captured), says his father was away from home when he was taken. His mother had just gone to another farm. Then the British came along, and took him away with an older brother of sixteen. Mother and children were thus ruthlessly snatched from each other's arms and the most sacred of home ties completely ignored.

John Viljoen is only nine years old. The occasion of his capture he tells as

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follows: The Kaffir servants had left the farm. His father was away to the war. He was out on the veldt tending the sheep. The khakis [British] came along and took him as well as the sheep.

Another boy tells of his capture in the following way: He was on his way with his father to the store to buy provisions for the Sabbath. The khakis came along, took their horse and wagon, himself and his father, and now they are transported and held as prisoners of war in Bermuda.

An old Irishman says a Kaffir came out to his store one day with a message from the British commander requesting him to report at once to headquarters. He went and reported. He was detained for two or three days. He then began to inquire as to the cause of the detention. "It is because you did not report in the time-limit heretofore published," he was informed. And so he is now a prisoner of war in Bermuda.

The next thing to attract our attention in the laager after the boys was the number of old men in it. One of these, a Mr. Senekel, is seventy-eight years old. Quite a number range between sixty-five and seventy-five.

The Boers in Bermuda have so far been unusually healthy—more so, indeed, than their guards. Only eight had died out of two thousand from the time the first shipload left Cape Town, May 29, up to the arrival of the Montrose on September 13. But out of the nine hundred and thirty-two men brought to Bermuda in the Montrose, twenty-four died during the passage over. The British say that this was because they brought diseased constitutions with them; it was not because of the unsanitary condition of the ship. The Boers say, "Yes! The ship was sanitary enough, and we did bring diseased constitutions with us. But how did it happen that our health was thus broken down when we boarded the ship? Not in the way you would have the world infer, but in the contrary way. We were strong and lusty enough when we were captured. We were strong and lusty still when we began the journey from the Transvaal to Durban. But you loaded us like hogs into open cattle-trucks. It was the severest weather of our midwinter. We were packed together like sheep, under such conditions, for three or four days and nights. We had no sort of covering to keep out the frost or to protect us from the keen winter blasts. We could not lie down. We could not sleep. Is it a wonder, then, that as soon as we reached the coast and breathed the damp sea air many of us took to horrible coughing and succumbed at last to fatal lung affections?"

Among the notable prisoners of war now in Bermuda are ex-President Reitz's son, Bruin and several other of President Steyn's staff, a brother and brother-in-law of President Steyn, two theological students, and a barrister. The name of J. Smuts appears on the list. But whether he is any relation to the Smuts who was so prominent among the Transvaal young men who forced Mr. Kruger to go to war we were not able to ascertain. From a letter he wrote to a friend of ours it is evident that he is by no means an ordinary English scholar.

The Boers in Bermuda are devoted to music and very religious. They have regular singing classes and a strong choir for Sabbath services. There is a school on each of the islands where some of the old men as well as the boys attend regularly. There are over a hundred boys.

Of the whole number of Boer prisoners (about three thousand at this date in all), thirty-eight are Cape rebels, between sixty and seventy are Germans, quite a number are Scandinavians, at least six are French, and three Americans. We heard of one Irishman and one Scotchman, but of no Englishman, although we understand there have been such on the Boer side. The proportion of Transvaalers and Free State men we were unable to ascertain. We were told by a young English officer soon after our arrival in Bermuda that the Boers were under the impression that England had been invaded by the Chinese and Queen Victoria taken captive to Peking. This was to show how thoroughly ignorant they are. But all subsequent inquiry showed that, while it was barely possible that one or two might have had such an impression, it is worth no more as a criterion for judging the real intelligence of the Boers than the following first-hand story is for judging the English: The writer was making a call on one of the highest military officials in the islands. He told him he was originally from Philadelphia. "I must

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confess," the officer rejoined, "I do not know where Philadelphia is with reference to New York."

If what we learn from the Boers in Bermuda represents at all the thought and feeling of the rest of their people, they are not at all discouraged at the outlook in South Africa. They say their supplies are inexhaustible. And they evidently know what they are talking about. They say that so long as England imports munitions of war they will have all they need, for all they have to do is to go and take them from them. Their food, on the other hand, comes from their brethren back in the mountains where the British have not yet penetrated. And if the British have the towns and the railroads, they have the country and will keep it till the British are tired of holding the towns and are ready to withdraw from them and make the only kind of peace the Boer will accept—a free country under complete self-government.

The German Workingman

By Ray Stannard Baker

SINCE early morning German workingmen with their wives and children have been coming up from the crowded, red-tiled houses of the German town where I am visiting, loitering across patchwork fields, and reaching at last the hillsides. They are clad in Sunday best, poor, but neat and clean, with bright patches of color and a certain engaging quaintness of style. The man of the family goes first, his hard black hands clasped behind him, and his wife follows with the children. She is talking in the mellow German intonation with a neighbor further down the hill, who also has a flock of children. Occasionally they stop to rest for a time on one of the green seats provided by some *Verein*, and look out over the familiar valley where the town lies asleep in the June sunshine with the lazy breath of banked fires rising from a hundred tall chimneys. It is an orderly gathering, even to the good-humored, prankless children—as orderly as the well-kept paths, the pine-trees set in prim, clean rows, the white signs which indicate the direction and provide other advice and warning—all the work of a motherly, if severe, government. Thus they stroll upward along the paths, which, though devious, have a way of coming out invariably at a pleasant little inn with tables set outside among the trees. And they never end until the workman is just thirsty enough, and not too thirsty.

Here white-aproned waiters rush about with tall wooden mugs of pale beer and sandwiches of *Wienerwurst*. In a corner a funny little orchestra, three fat men each with a mug of beer before him, is playing two violins and a 'cello. Among these familiar surroundings the workman gathers his family at a table and orders a mug of beer; one does well for all of them, and they drink out of it in turn. When it is empty they have it filled again; three or four in the afternoon, costing ten or fifteen cents (for it is a cheap beer, containing little alcohol), are quite enough to give them a glow of friendliness, so that toward evening, when the singing begins, they may all lend their voices with vigor and enjoyment. Here, too, come the young lovers hand in hand or with arms around each other, as if it were the most commonplace thing in the world, and they are so evidently and beamingly happy that one cannot but envy them; they, too, drink out of one mug and divide a sandwich, and say much to each other without caring particularly whether their neighbors overhear or not. The host, a jolly, red-cheeked man in a worn black dress-coat, comes often about with his good-humored "Guten abend" and his pleasant inquiries as to whether the beer is good, and he bows only a bit more solicitously to the well-to-do householder who sits with democratic simplicity among the men whom he perhaps employs than he does to the workman whose purse allows him only a single mug at a time. Looking upon this jovial gathering, one is almost convinced that here at last is contentment. Apparently these men and their wives are without a worry or a care in the world; here is a taste of the free country after the grimy city; the beer is good, the weather is bright, the music is

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sweet among the trees, and sweeter still to these born lovers of music, and here are friends and neighbors overflowing with a whole week's gossip. What more could a man want? And when evening approaches, and while the young people's voices are filling the woods with song, the workman goes downward again toward the twinkling city. He is rested and refreshed after the day's enjoyment, having gone to no violent excesses of drink or food or exercise or expenditure. His family has enjoyed it with him, and his children are learning the same simple means of pleasure.

And this is the workman's Sunday as it is spent almost everywhere in the Fatherland. Even in the big black cities, which are yearly growing bigger and blacker, where there is no escape from streets and houses, the workman still finds, on Sunday, some imitation of the country, perhaps in a high-fenced inn-yard where the trees grow in green tubs, and where there is always sociability, music, and beer—that trinity of Teutonic happiness. Somehow, somewhere, not always as happily or as moderately as among the hills of the picture, the German workman finds opportunity for getting a little enjoyment out of life. It may not be of the high order approved by those who have set up Anglo-Saxon standards, and yet one has only to compare the simple, care-free, temperate Sunday of the average German workman with what is too often the spendthrift, viciously idle, and drunken Sunday of many American and more English workmen, to appreciate its worth.

A picture such as I have painted of the workman's Sunday may well seem too brightly colored. It is, indeed, the result of first impressions, which were vivid and perhaps over-enthusiastic. But it is true, every line of it—as true as ever a one-sided picture can be—and I have here given it first prominence with intention, because it shows the really fine side of German work-life, the ideal side, the Sunday which makes the other six days of the week at all endurable. It is a most vital element of German life, which one is too likely to forget in considering the crowding evidence of toil, poverty, and restriction presented by a more intimate view of existing conditions. The more one learns of the grim and forbidding reverse presentation of the toiler's existence, the more keenly he appreciates those rare qualities of temperament, strengthened by centuries of bitter training, which enable the German workman to go on year after year with a smooth brow gathering figs of thistles. With all his simple enjoyment, it is probable that no civilized workman in the world would change places with the German. For few indeed work longer hours for smaller pay, eat coarser and cheaper food, or live in more crowded homes; and none gives more in time and substance to a government which in return hems him in and restricts him with an infinite multiplicity of rules and regulations and curtails his right of free speech, none has less control over that which is his own, for even the spending of a part of his meager wages is ordered by law, and few there are who possess less influence in making the laws which regulate their conduct. And yet—and here one rises to wonder and admiration—these men have learned how to extract enjoyment out of a life the conditions of which, judged by our standards, are so close to poverty and servitude as to be almost within the bounds of misery.

Consider the workman in the manufacturing and ship-building towns of northern Germany, where industrial development and prosperity have caused a demand for every sort of labor which equals or exceeds the supply. Practically there are no workers out of employment, neither men nor women, and wages are generally higher than they ever were before in Germany. Here one sees the workingman under what would seem to be the most favorable conditions. Yet in many respects, as I shall point out, his circumstances are by no means as satisfactory as they were several years ago, and there are signs that, though his patience has seemed unlimited, even he is beginning to feel, and chafe under the stress of, the strenuous conditions of German industry.

The German workingman, even he who is a master of a trade, is supposed to work eleven hours a day, or sixty-six hours a week—rarely less, often longer. At Stettin, in Pomerania, where there are a great ship-building establishment, iron-works, and many other manufactories, a carpenter in the ship-yards, as I was

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informed by Mr. John E. Kehl, United States Consul, will receive about ninety cents a day for eleven hours' work. In America a carpenter commonly expects $2.50 to $3 a day for eight hours' work, and sometimes more. A blacksmith in the German city earns less than the carpenter, a molder more, or about one dollar a day; a painter receives about seventy-five cents, while a laborer is doing well to get fifty-five to sixty cents a day. Carpenters, and other workers not employed regularly, commonly earn more per day, or they may do piece-work, which brings them larger returns. In some parts of Germany, notably in the Rhine districts, wages range higher than those here given, while in other districts which I visited they are lower.

These returns for long hours of work, small as they are, show large increases over the wages of a few years ago. For instance, in 1885, carpenters who now receive ninety cents a day were paid only seventy-three cents, while painters' wages have risen in the same time from fifty-one to seventy-five cents. But if wages have increased, the prices of all sorts of commodities also have largely risen, and rent, owing to the rapid growth of cities and the influx of workmen, has gone upward by leaps and bounds. In fifteen years the industrial population of Germany has increased from 7,340,789 to 10,900,000. It was only a few years ago that Germany was famous for its cheap living. A workman could live in comfort for a sum almost unbelievably small. Now, however, the staples of food actually cost the German more than they do the American—a statement which may seem startling enough, considering the reputation of the United States for high prices. In Stettin, beef, which in 1893 cost fourteen cents a pound, had risen in 1899 to twenty-three cents. Mutton was twenty cents (compared with twelve cents in 1893), veal thirty cents, pork twenty cents, ham thirty-five cents, butter twenty-eight cents, coffee twenty-three cents, sugar seven cents, flour five cents, and tea—a very ordinary quality at that—$1.65 a pound. Eggs were forty-five cents a dozen, large chickens seventy-five cents each, milk five cents a quart. It must be here admitted, however, that in most of these commodities, which among American workmen would be considered absolute necessities of life, the German workman never indulges. He must have coffee and plenty of it, and a little meat. Butter is practically unknown to him, lard being used in its stead. He rarely uses milk, eggs, or white flour, and he never thinks of buying any of the better cuts of meat. Canned goods, familiar to every American worker, are absolutely unknown to him. His staple food is rye bread, which he buys in enormous loaves. His wife or his little girl goes to market for this bread, and brings it home clasped in her arms, unwrapped. I have seen a little tot of a tow-headed girl staggering homeward with a loaf almost as big as she was, and as she walked she gnawed lustily at the flinty end of the loaf. Indeed, I have heard it said that the eating of this hard-crusted bread gives the German workman teeth of unequaled excellence. And this bread is good, thoroughly good. The Government, which supervises everything and everybody, guards the rye bread of the people with jealous care. The bakers are watched, compelled to give full weight and make good bread. I have eaten it in a number of different towns, and it was always sweet to the taste and wholesome. This bread is fairly cheap, costing usually from thirty-five to fifty pfennigs (nine to twelve cents) a loaf, though it, too, has risen in price with increased demand. Upon this great loaf the German Empire may be said to rest; all Germany has grown up on it. In one form it is the basic ration of the German army, and many a peasant can live very well for a considerable time though he has nothing else to eat.

Next in order of importance after the rye loaf is sausage. In Germany the *Wurstwaaren* shops are a sight to interest and attract foreign eyes. Such a variety of sausages, big, little, and middle sized, brown, white, and black, soft and hard, raw and cooked, covered and uncovered, one never before imagined possible. Step into a sausage-shop of an evening and you shall see the German workman's wife in all her glory, for here she finds the truest outlet for that feminine shopping instinct which even here has taken root. Shall she buy brown or white? shall she have one slice of a big blood sausage or a ringlet of little liver sausages? And usually she goes away with a stick of dry

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wurst about the size and shape of a policeman's club, and for purposes of defense quite as useful. But this sausage, too, is wholesome and good (though growing always dearer), for the Government never allows the sausage-makers a moment out of its surveillance. Indeed, it may be said that nowhere in the world is the food generally purer than in Germany. The most stringent laws against adulteration have been enacted, and everything is inspected and re-inspected by a cloud of officials. I have had meat served me at table on which I could make out plainly the inspector's blue stamp. And that is one great advantage which the German workman possesses over the American and English.

After sausage comes cheese. One is never at a loss in a German city to find a cheese-shop. Just go outside and sniff, then follow your nose. I presume that there is not such a cheese-shop in America, unless transplantations have been made in Milwaukee or Chicago, as these curious little places in every German city. Here are cheeses in great variety, as to size, as to strength, and as to price; I have not gone to extremes in trying these cheeses, but some of the less pronounced are very good indeed.

These are the main articles of the German workman's diet. To these he adds plenty of black coffee, unsweetened; occasionally he has meat, soup, potatoes, cabbages, or other vegetables, and frequently dried and smoked fish, of which the German markets present a great variety. This is the regular diet of the workman; indeed, the entire lower half of Germany departs little from it, although varying conditions in different sections of the country change it slightly. Added to this food there is invariably beer in as great a quantity as the workman can afford. This beer, though often poor and weak, is always unadulterated and as wholesome as beer ever can be—the Government looks out for that.

Usually the workman has five meals a day. To work eleven hours, especially if he lives miles from the shop or factory, which is often the case, a man must be stirring at cock's crow. As soon as he is up, usually in the gray twilight, or in winter by candlelight, he has a cup of strong, hot black coffee and a wedge of rye bread. This is the first meal. Second breakfast comes about eight o'clock, and if a man is working he stops at that time and sits down for a few minutes while he eats. Again he has black coffee, hot if possible, and rye bread with sausages or cheese. Then comes the long nooning of an hour or sometimes longer. It is a sight well worth seeing, the rush of workmen from a German factory at noon. Usually for fifteen minutes or more before the whistle sounds, short-skirted, comely women, girls, and old men have been gathering at the gates with baskets and bottles, and at the sound of the whistle they all rush in and are swallowed up by the outflowing current of men. Dinner is the most pretentious meal of the day. Usually there is meat soup, sometimes with the meat from which it has been made, boiled potatoes or another vegetable, bread and beer or coffee. Having finished eating, the men drop down to rest, saying little, thinking little, and waiting for the whistle to call them back again. The German workman is, for the most part, silent, slow, heavy, and apparently without emotion on these working days. He seems always tired. At four o'clock in the afternoon there is another meal, called vespers, for which there is a recess of ten or fifteen minutes. More coffee from the little blue dinner-pails and a wedge of rye bread, spread, perhaps, with lard, and the workman is ready again for his task. The last meal of the day comes after nightfall, when the toiler reaches home; it is as simple as the others, consisting of the inevitable coffee or beer, bread, smoked fish or sausage or cheese. That is all, and when it is eaten the workman is quite ready for his bed. And this must continue year after year, for German families are large, and there are always little mouths to feed. No American workman would think of living as cheaply as this, and yet the German does it, partly because he cannot afford more food and partly because he knows of no better way; yet he has enough, coarse and plain though it is, to keep him well, with perhaps fewer doctor's bills to pay on account of stomach troubles than his rivals in other lands. The total cost of the food for a family of a man, wife, and two children during one day has been

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estimated in Pomerania at about thirty-five cents.

I have been told that the German system of frequent meals and frequent rests assists greatly in enabling the workmen to endure without injury the long hours of work; but I should think that the rate of work would be quite as potent a factor. The German works carefully, thoroughly, but with infinite slowness. Every operation is performed with almost machine-like steadiness; but there is nowhere a spark of that briskness, that electricity of expending nervous force, which one feels in a great American workshop. The German has saved his nerves; perhaps that may help to account for his stolid endurance.

Not only does the German workman eat cheap food, but he lives in the cheapest quarters—often not more than two or three rooms for a large family, and frequently one of these is without windows. Yet the home is ordinarily pretty well kept up, as the homes of workmen go. There are often flowers in the windows—for the German, both high and low, loves his flower-garden—even if the comfort within is small. There is little kitchen equipment, and fewer dishes. The workman's wife has no knowledge of cooking except in its most primitive form. The family food, as I have shown, is nearly all bought in a form ready for consumption—bread, cheese, sausage, dried fish, beer. Soup and coffee require a modicum of skill in cookery, the vegetables merely requiring boiling. Give a German woman of the lower class a new article of food requiring cooking and she would not know what to do with it. All this is the result, in part at least, of untold years of practical serfdom on the part of the German peasantry from whom these workmen have sprung—a peasantry which was and still is, to a large extent, fed from the kitchen of the landlord, like a house-servant, so that both men and women might work without loss of time in the fields. The simplicity of a diet largely cold or bought ready to eat, and the haste with which all culinary matters are swept aside, may be set down as one of the influences which has maintained cheap labor in Germany; but it has left the Germans, as a nation, the worst cooks in the civilized world, and it has not tended to raise the estate of the German woman, nor to develop an attractive family life.

Rents vary greatly with conditions, of course. In Stettin, Mr. Kehl informed me, apartments of two or three rooms in tenement-houses could be had for $2.25 to $2.50 a month. The municipality insists upon clean streets and sewers in tenement districts in all parts of Germany, and in certain towns, notably in Krupp's city of Essen, an effort has been made to give especially good homes to the workingmen, although the rents are not lower than elsewhere.

Clothing such as workmen wear is cheap in Germany—almost the only necessary of life that is cheap. Leather shoes, being very expensive, are comparatively little worn, except on Sunday. In their place the workman has his pantoffels made of a thick wooden sole, the toe being covered over with leather. In winter these are worn with thick, home-knit socks, and in summer they are frequently slipped on the bare feet. One imagines that they slide off easily, but I have often seen boys who wore them run at the top of their speed, there being an art in turning down the toes when the foot is lifted and clamping the pantoffels so that they cannot slip off. The clacking of wooden soles on the floors of a German workshop is a sound quite foreign to American ears. The old-fashioned blouse falling from a yoke at the shoulders is still worn by German workmen, though it is disappearing.

Coal costs at Stettin $4.52 a ton—that is, soft coal. Kerosene is much more expensive than it is in America.

It will be seen, therefore, that while food and other necessaries of life, with the possible exception of clothing, are in Germany as high as or higher than in the United States, wages generally will average hardly more than one-third as much. Yet the German workman is able to exist because he is willing to do without all sorts of comforts familiar to every American workman.

I have described the conditions as I learned about them in Pomerania, because it seemed necessary in such an account as this to be specific, but keeping always in mind my own observations as well as the published reports and statistics concerning other parts of the Empire. Professor von Halle, of the University of Berlin, who has made a very close study

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of industrial conditions in and around Stettin, informs me that the extraordinary growth there has served to increase rentals and prices of commodities very rapidly. He also found that Stettin was one of the first stopping-places for the great tide of workingmen which is constantly flowing from east to west. The Rhine districts of Germany, the center of the coal, iron, chemical, and other industries of the Empire, are the great loadstones of labor. Raw peasants from the Russian border stop at Stettin and other Baltic towns and at Breslau, remain for a time, and then go on westward looking for better wages and finding conditions equally hard. Indeed, this silent march of empire westward has so drained some of the eastern districts of Germany that numbers of Russians, Russian Poles, and Austrian Bohemians must be brought into the country yearly to help with the agricultural operations. The same conditions exist in southern Germany, where the Italian is making his appearance, as in America, to do the hard manual labor. Few of these foreigners, however, are allowed to remain even though they may wish to do so.

One of the strangest influences upon the development of the German workingman has been his compulsory military service, and it is very far from being an unmixed evil, though it demands two of the best years of his life.

It has certainly had a profound influence in training the German to obedience, methods of order, hard work, plain living, and frugality. It has also braced him physically. On the other hand, it has tended to weaken individuality, deaden the initiative faculties, and to produce a state of helpless dependency upon authority. Moreover, it has encouraged the tendency of the young men to leave the farm, so that to-day farm work in Germany is almost exclusively in the hands of women, and agriculture is in an alarmingly demoralized condition. Take the young peasant from the fields, dress him up in a uniform, show him cities, teach him to handle himself well, give him a glimpse of the opportunities and earnings of industrial pursuit, and it is hard enough when his army service is finished to drive him back to the plodding, underpaid life on the land. As a result of this, and of the vast demand for workers in the factories, there has been a steady flow of men from the farms to the city. In 1882 42½ per cent. of the population was engaged in agriculture; in 1896, fourteen years later, the number had been reduced to 36 per cent. Farm work has fallen almost wholly into the hands of women, and a decreased production of foodstuffs in proportion to the population, with the necessity of importing food from abroad, has been responsible for the increased prices of commodities. Indeed, the Agrarians, the landowning lords, predict the ruin of agriculture, and are clamoring for protection, which means the exclusion of foreign foodstuffs—a demand which the Government has not dared to admit except in a very limited degree (as in the practical exclusion of certain American meats), for fear that prices of foods will go so high as to cause serious disturbances among the industrial classes.

Military service has also had its powerful influence in continuing and confirming the low estate of womanhood in the Empire. Half a million men constantly under arms, removed from wage-earning industries and receiving practically no payment from the Government which employs them, make it necessary for just so many more women to work in the fields and at other labor of the most menial kinds. One sees them, not only on the farms, but everywhere in the cities, passing brick, stirring mortar, sawing wood, digging ditches, loading lumber, and doing all manner of heavy labor. And yet the woman must bear children and take care of her home; the result is that many workingmen have little or no home life; it is smothered out by toiling wives. Children are often left in charge of neighbors or in nurse homes and get little home training—a condition which has certainly coarsened the moral fiber of the German. Infant mortality is very high in Germany; in places it seems to a stranger as if every fourth child was bow-legged or at least weak in its legs. The Germans sometimes call this malady *Englischerkrankheit* (English sickness)—why one doesn't quite see, for the disease is rare in England. It is due, as I have been informed, to lack of proper nourishment and to beer. The workingwomen of Germany number something over two

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millions, and the Empire could not do without their services, yet the competition of so many cheap workers in the labor market tends to keep down wages—a condition which has received much consideration by German thinkers.

To an American observer nothing is more striking than the attitude of the German Government toward the working population of the Empire. Its leaders, from the Emperor down, are unequaled for the lively intelligence with which they recognize conditions and for the promptitude with which they act. It is perfectly plain to them that the hope of Germany lies with the manufactories; therefore the industrial classes must be trained, protected, and encouraged. One who follows public discussion of the subject, for instance, in the Reichstag, is curiously impressed with the attitude of insensibility toward the individual desires or hopes of the workman. As a man the workman is not to be considered for an instant, but as an implement to carve a way for Germany to industrial and commercial greatness, to colonies, and a vast navy, he is very precious indeed. Everything is done, therefore, that can be done to make this implement keener, brighter, and more efficient. The individual is nothing, the workman everything. Hence the military service teaches the young man implicit obedience to authority, makes him a perfect servant in the hands of the great governing power, and teaches him to rely implicitly upon it. And during every moment of his subsequent life the workman treads a pathway plainly marked out for him by the infinitely numerous rules and regulations of the Government. When a workman is born, he must be baptized in a Government church and obtain a certificate; he must be confirmed to religion in a Government church; if he marries, the same power issues the permission and stands sponsor for the ceremony; and when he dies, he is buried under Government supervision. He must not say what he thinks freely, as the Englishman relieves his mind in Hyde Park, or the American assails the administration from the political stump, for if he talks too much about how he is being governed he is likely to be clapped in jail as a disturber of the peace. He may not even spend his money wholly as he pleases. Instead of allowing a man to have his wages and to do what he pleases with them, giving him the self-discipline of learning to save and plan against the rainy day, the German Government says to its workmen: "You must be frugal whether you want to or not." Consequently tens of thousands of workmen must buy little cards, paste stamps on them for every week, and turn them over to the police at the end of every year. These cards insure the workman against sickness and accident and secure his relief during old age, so that if anything befalls a workman he does not become a charge on the State or on the employer (who, indeed, pays part of the premium for the insurance). This has made poverty almost unknown, and, considered from the point of view of a financial and governmental enterprise, it has been vast and successful beyond praise. One in every twenty persons in the Empire has been supported at some time by these insurance funds. In 1897 there was a reserve fund of over $202,500,000, and the amount of insurance paid to the sick was over $26,000,000, to those who had suffered accidents over $15,000,000, and to the aged and feeble over $14,000,000. Moreover, there are many other aid and pension systems, both State and private, many workmen even being compelled to insure in a death fund so that their funeral expenses may be paid and they may be laid away in the little green cemetery with cast-iron crosses, perhaps containing their tin-type at the head of their graves.

And so year after year the workman goes on sticking stamps—and the police see that he never fails in this respect—having no responsibility for the future nor for the welfare of his family, knowing that, whatever happens, the funds will support him. He depends absolutely upon the great, powerful, dim Government above him to take care of him and shield him from harm. He is not especially interested in organizing trade-unions, though sometimes he does indulge in the fury of a strike. He buys lottery tickets regularly from the lottery, which is also a Government enterprise, and nearly all that is left goes for beer and cheap shows. Thus supported and relieved of responsibility, is it any wonder that the German workman goes smooth-browed and simple-

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minded to his Sunday enjoyments? These enjoyments are all of the present and of the senses material, for he takes no thought of the morrow.

If the German workman does begin to consider his condition, he does one of two things: he either becomes a Socialist or he commits suicide. So Socialism, though held down by bands of steel, is rampant everywhere in Germany. Even the Emperor, with characteristic frankness, once said to his troops at Potsdam:

"For you there is one foe, and that is my foe. Considering the existing Socialist difficulties, it may be necessary for me to command you to shoot down your own relatives, brothers and parents, in the streets, which God forbid; but you must obey my orders without murmuring."

And the extent of Socialism, which has few means of public expression, every attempt at really free speech in this regard being squelched without mercy, is probably not realized even in Germany, though the Socialists now cast annually some million and a half of votes in the Empire.

In the matter of suicides Germany has long been known for its terrible records. Saxony has the highest rate of suicide of any country in the world. Barker gives its annual rate as 31.1 per 100,000 inhabitants, and that of the entire Empire as 14.3, compared with a rate in the United States of only 3.5 per 100,000, while England shows 6.9. About 11,000 persons kill themselves every year in the German Empire, and these belong chiefly to the working classes.

In short, the German method of dealing with the working classes is exactly opposite from the American way.

In Germany it may be said that the tendency is to make better workmen; in America and England the tendency is to make better men. The Anglo-Saxon policy is to "cast the bantling on the rock," and let him work out his own salvation through temptation. In Germany the policy is quite the reverse: the workman is protected from disciplining temptation, and ruled in a thousand ways by the Government instead of being allowed to rule himself. American discipline is from within, German from without. The German workman is without hope even in religion, for it is rare that a German workman is ever seen in church after confirmation; there is little or no chance for him to rise; he has before him no possible career in politics, nor any hope of becoming a Carnegie or a Huntington. Consequently he is without ambition to do his work faster or by better methods; he is content to do what his father did, without thinking, though the all-seeing Government is making herculean efforts through its scores of technical and industrial schools—the best in the world—to stir him from his stolid and precedent-bound lethargy. The German workman is slow, therefore his wages are small. It is less expensive in Germany to hire muscle than it is to install expensive machinery. Therefore in all sorts of German manufacturing establishments one sees clouds of workmen bending their backs to burdens which in America are borne swiftly, noiselessly, and more cheaply by electricity or steam.

Not only does the Government do its best to stir the workman to greater activity, but in several instances individuals are attacking the problem with energy. At Jena I visited the famous Zeiss lens works, where an experiment of an eight-hour day is being tried, it being understood that the men shall study their tasks and increase the speed of work until they are able to do as much in eight hours as hitherto in ten or eleven. The experiment is being conducted with great intelligence both by workers and proprietors. It must be said, however, that there is much in its favor. The workmen are nearly all young and of the very brightest class of intelligence, and the work done is exceedingly fatiguing to eyes and hands, so that weariness caused by longer day's work tended to reduce the quantity and injure the quality of the product. I was informed by Director Fischer that, so far as it had gone, the experiment was a success. It is certain, however, that in a great majority of manufactories such an innovation as this would fail utterly, for the workmen are hopelessly unambitious, conservative, and helpless; they prefer to live the old, simple life, get what enjoyment they can, and strive as little as they can.

And yet, though the tendency is to do only those things for the workman which will make him a better implement for the service of the nation, there are a few

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philanthropists who are doing their best to make the workman's life more enjoyable and profitable for his own sake. At Jena I visited a fine free reading-room, which will ultimately be expanded into a library. It is the result of private enterprise, and is said to be the best if not the only one of its kind in the Empire. Heretofore workmen in Jena and nearly everywhere else have had to go to a beer garden or café to see the newspapers and other publications, and there are few opportunities for them to get books anywhere, even if they had time to read them. Curiously enough, workmen who read nearly always choose science and philosophy, rarely fiction. The parks of Germany are everywhere fine and extensive, and, though kept with little reference to the workmen, the workmen are at liberty to use them, which they do to a great extent. Free swimming-baths have been established in the rivers near many cities, sometimes by private means, oftener by the municipality. These are popular with the younger element of all classes. At Chemnitz, a large, grim manufacturing city in Saxony, where there are immense factories for hosiery and machinery works, I visited a new free municipal bath, which is proving a successful civilizing agency.

One who realizes the mighty industrial progress of Germany is struck with the vital question as to whether the workman will be able to keep pace. Surely the limit of his wages has nearly been reached; he cannot at present earn more; and the manufacturers who are crowded to narrow margins between the fierce competition of the Americans and the British cannot afford to pay more. But the population continues to expand, there being 12,000,000 more people in Germany in 1898 than in 1870, and that almost without immigration; foods and rents are going up continually; the Government is demanding always more and more for its army, its navy, and its colonies. When will the danger-line be reached? Will the German toiler plod always onward, working always for continually diminishing profits, drinking his Sunday beer—forever the model of patience and simple enjoyment of life?

The Man from Glengarry[1]

By Ralph Connor

Author of "Black Rock," "The Sky Pilot," etc.

Chapter XXII.—Forget that I Loved You

"THE night for dreaming, but the morn for seeing." And so Ranald found it; for with the cold, calm light of the morning he found himself facing his battle with small sense of victory in his blood. He knew that he had to deal that morning with the crisis of his life. Upon the issue his whole future would turn, but his heart, without haste or pause, preserved its even beat. The hour of indecision had passed. He saw his way and he meant to walk it. What was beyond the turn was hid from his eyes, but with that he need not concern himself now. Meantime he would clear away some of this accumulated correspondence lying on his desk. In the midst of his work Harry came in and laid a bundle of bills before him.

"Here you are, old chap," he said, quietly. "That's the last of it."

Ranald counted the money.

"You are sure you can spare all this? There is no hurry, you know."

"No," said Harry, "I can't spare it, but it's safer with you than with me, and, besides, it's yours; and I owe you more than money." He drew a deep breath to steady himself, and then went on: "And I want to say, Ranald, that I have bet my last stake."

Ranald pushed back his chair and rose to his feet.

"Now that's the best thing I've heard for some time," he said, offering Harry his hand; "and that's the last of that business."

He sat down, drew in his chair, and, turning over his papers with a nervousness that he rarely showed, he continued: "And, Harry, I want you to do something for me. Before you go home this after-

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noon, will you come in here? I may want to send a note to Maimie by you."

"But—" began Harry.

"Wait a moment. I want to prevent all possibility of mistake. There may be a reply; and Harry, old chap, I'd rather not answer any questions."

Harry gazed at him a moment in perplexity. "All right, Ranald," he said, quietly, "you can trust me. I haven't the ghost of an idea what's up, but I know you're square."

"Thanks, old fellow," said Ranald. "I will never give you reason to change your opinion. Now get out; I'm awfully busy."

For some minutes after Harry had left the room Ranald sat gazing before him into space.

"Poor chap, he's got his fight, too, but I begin to think he'll win," he said to himself, and once more returned to his work. He had hardly begun his writing when the inner door of his office opened and Mr. St. Clair came in. His welcome was kindly and cordial, and Ranald's heart, which had been under strong discipline all morning, leaped up in warm response.

"You had a pleasant trip, I hope?" inquired Mr. St. Clair.

"Fine most of the way. Through May and June the flies were bad, but not so bad as usual, they said, and one gets used to them."

"Good sport?"

"Never saw anything like it. What a country that is!" cried Ranald, his enthusiasm carrying him away. "Fishing of all kinds and superb. In those little lonely lakes you get the finest black-and-white bass, beauties, and so gamy. In the bigger waters, maskalonge and, of course, any amount of pike and pickerel. Then we were always running up against deer, moose, and red, and everywhere we got the scent of bear. Could have loaded a boat with furs in a week."

"We must go up some day," replied Mr. St. Clair. "Wish I could get away this fall, but the fact is, we are in shallow water, Ranald, and we can't take any chances."

Ranald knew well how serious the situation was. "But," continued Mr. St. Clair, "this offer of the British-American Lumber and Coal Company is most fortunate, and will be the saving of us. With one hundred thousand set free we are certain to pull through this season, and, indeed, the financial stringency will rather help than hinder our operations. Really, it is most fortunate. Indeed," he added, with a slight laugh, "as my sister-in-law would say, quite providential!"

"I have no doubt of that," said Ranald, gravely; "but, Mr. St. Clair—"

"Yes, no doubt, no doubt," said Mr. St. Clair, hastening to recover the tone which by his unfortunate reference to Mrs. Murray he had lost. The thought of her was not in perfect harmony with purely commercial considerations. "The fact is," he continued, "that before this offer came I was really beginning to despair. I can tell you that now."

Ranald felt his heart tighten.

"One does not mind for one's self, but when family interests are involved—but that's all over now, thank God!"

Ranald tried to speak, but his mind refused to suggest words. His silence, however, was enough for Mr. St. Clair, who with nervous haste once more changed the theme. "In my note to you last night—you got it, I suppose—I referred to some changes in the firm."

Ranald felt that he was being crowded against the ropes. He must get to freer fighting ground. "I think before you go on to that, Mr. St. Clair," he began, "I ought to—"

"Excuse me, I was about to say," interrupted Mr. St. Clair, hastily, "Mr. Raymond and I have felt that we must strengthen our executive. As you know, he has left this department almost entirely to me, and he now realizes what I have long felt, that the burden has grown too heavy for one to carry. Naturally, we think of you, and I may say we are more than glad, though it is a very unusual thing in the business world, that we can, with the fullest confidence, offer you a partnership." Mr. St. Clair paused to allow the full weight of this announcement to sink into his manager's mind.

Then Ranald pulled himself together. He must break free or the fight would be lost before he had struck a blow.

"I need not say," he began once more, "how greatly gratified I am by this offer, and I feel sure you will believe that I am deeply grateful." Ranald's voice was low and even, but, unknown to himself,

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there was in it a tone of stern resolve that struck Mr. St. Clair's ear. He knew his manager. That tone meant war. Hastily he changed his front.

"Yes, yes, we are quite sure of that," he said, with increasing nervousness, "but we are thinking of our own interests as well as yours. Indeed, I feel sure"—here his voice became even more kindly and confidential—"that in advancing your position and prospects we are—I am only doing what will bring myself the greatest satisfaction in the end, for you know, Ranald, I—we do not regard you as a stranger." Ranald winced and grew pale. "We—my family—have always felt toward you as—well, in fact, as if you were one of us."

Mr. St. Clair had delivered his last and deadliest blow, and it found Ranald's heart, but, with pain blanching his cheek, Ranald stood up determined to end the fight. It was by no means easy for him to strike. Before him he saw, not this man with his ingenious and specious pleading—it would not have been a difficult matter to have brushed him aside—but he was looking into the blue eyes of the woman he had for seven years loved more than he loved his life, and he knew that when his blow fell it would fall upon the face that, only a few hours ago, had smiled upon him, and upon the lips that had whispered to him, "I will remember, Ranald." Yet he was none the less resolved. With face set and bloodless, and eyes of gleaming fire, he faced the man that represented what was at once dearest in life and what was most loathsome in conduct.

"Give me a moment, Mr. St. Clair," he said, with a note of authority in his tone. "You have made me an offer of a position such as I could hardly hope to expect for years to come, but I value it chiefly because it means you have absolute confidence in me; you believe in my ability and in my integrity. I am determined that you will never have cause to change your opinion of me. You are about to complete a deal involving a very large sum of money. I have a report here," tapping his desk, "which you have not yet seen."

"It really doesn't matter!" interjected Mr. St. Clair; "you see, my dear fellow—"

"It matters to me. It is a report which not only you ought to have, but which, in justice, the buyer of the Bass River Limits ought to see. That report, Mr. St. Clair, ought to be given to Colonel Thorp."

"This is sheer folly!" exclaimed Mr. St. Clair, impatiently.

"It is the only honorable course."

"Do you mean to insult me, sir?"

"There is only one other thing I would rather not do," said Ranald, in a grave voice, "and that is, refuse Colonel Thorp the information he is entitled to from us."

"Sir!" exclaimed Mr. St. Clair, "this is outrageous, and I demand an apology or your resignation!"

"Colonel Thorp," announced a clerk, opening the door.

"Tell Colonel Thorp I cannot—ah, Colonel Thorp, I am glad to see you. Will you step this way?" opening the door leading to his own office.

The Colonel, a tall, raw-boned, typical "Uncle Sam," even to the chin-whisker and quid of tobacco, had an eye like an eagle. He shot a keen glance at Mr. St. Clair and then at Ranald.

"Yes," he said, helping himself to a chair, "this here's all right. This is your manager, eh?"

"Mr. Macdonald," said Mr. St. Clair, introducing him.

"How do you do? Heard about you some," said the Colonel, shaking hands with him. "Quite a knocker, I believe. Well, you rather look like it. Used to do some myself. Been up north, so the boss says. Good country, eh?"

"Fine sporting country, Colonel," interrupted St. Clair. "The game, Mr. Macdonald says, come right into your tent and bed to be shot."

"Do, eh?" The Colonel's eagle eye lighted up. "Now, what sort of game?"

"Almost every kind, Colonel," replied Ranald.

"Don't say! Used to do a little myself. Moose?"

"Yes, I saw a number of moose and any amount of other deer, and of course, plenty of bear."

"Don't say! How'd you come to leave them? Couldn't have done it myself, by the great Sam! Open timber?"

"Well," replied Ranald, slowly, "on the east of the Bass River—"

"All that north country, Colonel," said

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Mr. St. Clair, "is pretty much the same, I imagine; a little of all kinds."

"Much water, streams, and such?"

"Yes, on the west side of the Bass there is plenty of water, a number of small streams and lakes, but—"

"Oh, all through that north country, Colonel, you are safe in having a canoe in your outfit," said Mr. St. Clair, again interrupting Ranald.

"Lots of water, eh? Just like Maine, ha, ha!" The Colonel's quiet chuckle was good to hear. "Reminds me"—here he put his hand into his inside pocket and pulled out a flask—"excuse the glass," he said, offering it to Mr. St. Clair, who took a slight sip and handed it back.

"Have a little refreshment," said the Colonel, offering it to Ranald.

"I never take it, thank you."

"Don't? Say, by the great Sam, how'd you get through all that wet country? Wall, it will not hurt you to leave it alone," solemnly winking at St. Clair and taking a long pull himself. "Good for the breath," he continued, putting the flask in his pocket. "Now, about those limits of mine, the boss here has been telling you about our deal?"

"A little," said Ranald.

"We've hardly had time to look into anything yet," said Mr. St. Clair; "but if you will step into my office, Colonel, I have the papers and maps there." Mr. St. Clair's tone was anxious. Once more the Colonel shot a glance at him.

"You have been on the spot, I judge," he said to Ranald, rising and following Mr. St. Clair.

"Yes, over it all."

"Wall, come along, you're the map we want, eh? Maps are chiefly for purposes of deception, I have found, ha, ha! and there ain't none of 'em right," and he held the door for Ranald to enter.

Mr. St. Clair was evidently annoyed. Unfolding a map, he laid it out on the table. "This is the place, I believe," he said, putting his finger down upon the map.

"Ain't surveyed, I judge," said the Colonel to Ranald.

"No, only in part; the old Salter lines are there, but I had to go away beyond these."

"Warn't 'fraid of gettin' lost, eh? Ha, ha! Wall, show us your route,"

Ranald put his finger on the map, and said: "I struck the Bass River about here, and, using that as a base, first explored the whole west side, for, I should say, about ten miles back from the river."

"Don't say! How'd you grub? Game mostly?"

"Well, we carried some pork and Hudson Bay hard-tack and tea, and, of course, we could get all the fish and game we wanted."

"Lots of game, eh? Small and big?" The Colonel was evidently much interested in this part of Ranald's story. "By the great Sam, must go up there!"

"It would do you all the good in the world, Colonel," said Mr. St. Clair, heartily. "You must really go up with your men and help them lay out the ground, you know."

"That's so! Now if you were lumbering in there, how'd you get the timber out?"

"Down the Bass River to Lake Nipissing," said Ranald, pointing out the route.

"Yes, but how'd you'd get it to the Bass? These limits, I understand, lie on both sides of the Bass, don't they?"

"Yes."

"And the Bass cuts through it the short way?"

"Yes."

"Wall, does that mean six or eight or ten miles of a haul?"

"On the west side," replied Ranald, "no. There are a number of small streams and lakes which you could utilize."

"And on the east side?"

"You see, Colonel," broke in Mr. St. Clair, "that whole country is one network of waterways. Notice the map here; and there are always a number of lakes not marked."

"That is quite true," said Ranald, "as a rule; but on the east side—"

"Oh, of course," said Mr. St. Clair, hastily, "you will find great differences in different parts of the country."

Mr. St. Clair folded up the map and threw it on the table.

"Let's see," said the Colonel, taking up the map again. "Now how about the camps, Mr. Macdonald; where do you locate them?"

"I have a rough draught here in which the bases for camps are indicated," said

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Ranald, ignoring the imploring and angry looks of his chief.

"Let's have a look at 'em," said the Colonel.

"Oh, you haven't shown me this," said Mr. St. Clair, taking the draught from Ranald.

"No, sir, you have not seen my final report."

"No, not yet, of course. We have hardly had time yet, Colonel, but Mr. Macdonald will make a copy of this for you and send it in a day or two," replied Mr. St. Clair, folding up the sketch nervously, and placing it on his desk. The Colonel quietly picked up the sketch and opened it out.

"You have got that last report of yours, I suppose," he said, with a swift glance at Mr. St. Clair. That gentleman's face was pallid and damp; his whole fortune hung on Ranald's reply. It was to him a moment of agony.

Ranald glanced at his face and paused. Then, drawing his lips a little tighter, he said: "Colonel Thorp, my final report has not yet been handed in. Mr. St. Clair has not seen it. In my judgment—" here Mr. St. Clair leaned his hand hard upon his desk—"you are getting full value for your money, but I would suggest that you go yourself or send your inspector to explore the limits carefully before you complete the deal."

Colonel Thorp, who had been carefully scanning the sketch in his hand, suddenly turned and looked Ranald steadily in the eye. "These marks on the west side mean camps?"

"Yes."

"There are very few on the east side."

"There are very few; the east side is inferior to the west."

"Much?"

"Yes, much inferior."

"But in your opinion the limit is worth the figure?"

"I would undertake to make money out of it; it is good value."

The Colonel chewed hard for a minute, then, turning to Mr. St. Clair, he said: "Wall, Mr. St. Clair, I'll give you one hundred thousand for your limit; but, by the great Sam, I'd give twice the sum for your manager, if he's for sale! He's a man!" The emphasis on the *he* was ever so slight, but it was enough. Mr. St. Clair bowed, and, sinking down into his chair, busied himself with his papers.

"Wall," said the Colonel, "that's settled; and that reminds me," he added, pulling out his flask; "good luck to the Bass River Limits!"

He handed the flask to Mr. St. Clair, who eagerly seized it and took a long drink.

"Goes good sometimes," said the Colonel, innocently. "Wall, here's lookin' at you," he continued, bowing toward Ranald; "and, by the great Sam, you suit me well! If you ever feel like a change of air, indicate the same to Colonel Thorp."

"Ah, Colonel," said Mr. St. Clair, who had recovered his easy, pleasant manner, "we can sell limits, but not men!"

"No, by the great Sammy," replied the Colonel, using the more emphatic form of his oath, "ner buy 'em! Wall," he added, "when you have the papers ready, let me know. Good-day!"

"Very good, Colonel, good-by, good-by!"

The Colonel did not notice Mr. St. Clair's offered hand, but, nodding to Ranald, sauntered out of the office, leaving the two men alone. For a few moments Mr. St. Clair turned over his papers in silence. His face was flushed and smiling.

"Well, that is a most happy deliverance, Ranald," he said, rubbing his hands. "But what is the matter? You are not well."

White to the lips, Ranald stood looking at his chief with a resolved face.

"Mr. St. Clair, I wish to offer you my resignation as manager."

"Nonsense, Ranald! we will say no more about that. I was a little hasty. I hope the change I spoke of will go into immediate effect."

"I must beg to decline." The words came slowly, sternly from Ranald's white lips.

"And why, pray?"

"I have little doubt you can discover the reason, Mr. St. Clair. A few moments ago, for honorable dealing, you would have dismissed me. It is impossible that I should remain in your employ."

"Mr. Macdonald, are you serious in this? Do you know what you are doing? Do you know what you are saying?" Mr. St. Clair rose and faced his manager.

"Only too well," said Ranald, with lips

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that began to quiver, "and all the more because of what I must say further. Mr. St. Clair, I love your daughter. I have loved her for seven years. It is my one desire in life to gain her for my wife."

Mr. St. Clair gazed at him in utter astonishment.

"And in the same breath," he said at length, "you insult me and ask my permission."

"It is vain to ask your permission, I fear, but it is right that you should know my desire and my purpose."

"Your purpose?"

"My unalterable purpose."

"You take my daughter out of my house in—in spite of my teeth?" Mr. St. Clair could hardly find words.

"She will come with me," said Ranald, a little proudly.

"And may I ask how you know? Have you spoken to my daughter?"

"I have not spoken to her openly." The blood rose in his dark face. "But I believe she loves me."

"Well, Mr. Macdonald, your confidence is only paralleled by your prodigious insolence."

"I hope not," said Ranald, lowering his head from its proud pose. "I have no desire to be insolent."

Once more Mr. St. Clair looked at him in silence. Then, slowly and with quiet emphasis, he said: "Mr. Macdonald, you are a determined man, but, as God lives, this purpose of yours you will never carry out. I know my daughter, I think, better than you know her, and I tell you," here a slight smile of confidence played for a moment on his face, "she will never be your wife."

Ranald bowed his head.

"It shall be as she wills," he said, in a grave, almost sad, voice. "She shall decide," and he passed into his office.

All day long Ranald toiled at his desk, leaving himself no time for thought. In the late afternoon Harry came in on his way home.

"Thanks, old chap," said Ranald, looking up from his work; "sha'n't be able to come to-night, I am sorry to say."

"Not come?" cried Harry.

"No, it is impossible."

"What rot, and Maimie has waited ten days for you. Come along!"

"It is quite impossible, Harry," said Ranald, "and I want you to take this note to Maimie. The note will explain to her."

"But, Ranald, this is—"

"And, Harry, I want to tell you that this is my last day here."

Harry gazed at him speechless.

"Mr. St. Clair and I have had a difference that can never be made right, and to-night I leave the office for good."

"Leave the office for good? Going to leave us? What the deuce can the office do without you? And what does it all mean? Come, Ranald, don't be such a confounded sphinx! Why do you talk such rubbish?"

"It is true," said Ranald, "though I can hardly realize it myself; it is absolutely and finally settled; and I say, old man, don't make it harder for me. You don't know what it means to me to leave this place, and—you, and—all!" In spite of his splendid nerve, Ranald's voice shook a little. Harry gazed at him in amazement.

"I will give your note to Maimie," he said, "but you will be back here if I know myself. I'll see father about this."

"Now, Harry," said Ranald, rising and putting his hand on his shoulder, "you are not going to mix up in this at all; and for my sake, old chap, don't make any row at home. Promise me," said Ranald, again holding him fast.

"Well, I promise," said Harry, reluctantly, "but I'll be hanged if I understand it at all; and I tell you this, that if you don't come back here, neither shall I."

"Now you are talking rot, Harry," said Ranald, and sat down again to his desk. Harry went out in a state of dazed astonishment. Alone Ranald sat in his office writing steadily except that now and then he paused to let a smile flutter across his stern, set face, like a gleam of sunshine over a rugged rock on a cloudy day. He was listening to his heart, whose every beat kept singing the refrain, "I love her, I love her; she will come to me!"

At that very moment Maimie was showing her Aunt Murray her London dresses and finery, and recounting her triumphs in that land of social glory.

"How lovely, how wonderfully lovely they are!" said Mrs. Murray, touching the beautiful fabrics with fond fingers; "and I am sure they will suit you well, my dear. Have you worn most of them?"

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"No, not all. This one I wore the evening I went with the Lord Archers to the Heathcotes' ball. Lord Heathcote, you know, is an uncle of Captain De Lacy."

"Was Captain De Lacy there?" inquired Mrs. Murray.

"Yes, indeed," cried Maimie, "and we had a lovely time!" Either the memory of that evening brought the warm blushes to her face, or it may be the thought of what she was about to tell her aunt; "and Captain De Lacy is coming to-morrow."

"Coming to-morrow?"

"Yes; he has written to Aunt Frank, and to papa as well."

Mrs. Murray sat silent, apparently not knowing what to say, and Maimie stood with the dress in her hands waiting for her aunt to speak. At length Mrs. Murray said: "You knew Captain De Lacy before, I think."

"Oh, I have known him a long time, and he's just splendid, auntie, and he's coming to—" Maimie paused, but her face told her secret.

"Do you mean he is going to speak to your father about you, Maimie?" Maimie nodded. "And are you glad?"

"He's very handsome, auntie, and very nice, and he's awfully well connected, and that sort of thing, and when Lord Heathcote dies he has a good chance of the estates and the title."

"Do you love him, Maimie?" asked her aunt, quietly.

Maimie dropped the dress, and, sitting down upon a low stool, turned her face from her aunt and looked out of the window.

"Oh, I suppose so, auntie," she said. "He's very nice and gentlemanly, and I like to be with him—"

"But, Maimie, dear, are you not sure that you love him?"

"Oh, I don't know," said Maimie, petulantly. "Are you not pleased, auntie?"

"Well, I confess I am surprised. I do not know Captain De Lacy, and, besides, I thought it was—I thought you—" Mrs. Murray paused, while Maimie's face grew hot with fiery blushes, but before she could reply they heard Harry's step on the stairs, and in a moment he burst into the room.

"Ranald isn't coming!" he exclaimed. "Here's a note for you, Maimie. But what the—but what he means," said Harry, checking himself, "I can't make out."

"Not coming?" cried Maimie, the flush fading from her face. "What can he mean?" She opened the note, and as she read the blood rushed quickly into her face again, and as quickly fled, leaving her pale and trembling.

"Well, what does he say?" inquired Harry, bluntly.

"He says it is impossible for him to come to-night," said Maimie, putting the note into her bosom.

"Huh!" grunted Harry, and flung out of the room.

Immediately Maimie pulled out the note.

"Oh, auntie," she cried, "I am so miserable; Ranald is not coming, and he says—there, read it." She hurridly thrust the note into Mrs. Murray's hands, and Mrs. Murray, opening it, read:

My Dear Maimie: It is impossible for me to go to you to-night. Your father and I have had a difference so serious that I can never enter his house again, but I am writing now to tell you what I meant to tell you to-night. I love you, Maimie. I love you with all my heart and soul. I have loved you since the night I pulled you from the fire.

"Maimie," said Mrs. Murray, handing her back the note, "I do not think you ought to give me this. That is too sacred for any eyes but your own."

"Oh, I know, auntie, but what can I do? I am so sorry for Ranald! What shall I do, auntie?"

"My dear child, in this neither I nor any one can advise you. You must be true to yourself."

"Oh, I wish I knew what to do!" cried Maimie. "He wants me to tell him—" Maimie paused, her face once more covered with blushes, "and I do not know what to say!"

"What does your heart say, Maimie?" said Mrs. Murray, quietly.

"Oh, auntie, I am so miserable!"

"But, Maimie," continued her aunt, "in this matter, as I said before, you must be true to yourself. Do you love Ranald?"

"Oh, auntie, I cannot tell," cried Maimie, putting her face in her hands.

"If Ranald were De Lacy, would you love him?"

"Oh, yes, yes, how happy I would be!"

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Then Mrs. Murray rose. "Maimie, dear," she said, and her voice was very gentle but very firm, "let me speak to you for your dear mother's sake. Do not deceive yourself. Do not give your life for anything but love. Ranald is a noble man and he will be a great man some day, and I love him as my own son, but I would not have you give yourself to him unless you truly loved him." She did not mention De Lacy's name nor utter a word in comparison of the two, but, listening to her voice, Maimie knew only too well whither her love had gone.

"Oh, auntie," she cried, "I cannot bear it!"

"Yes, Maimie dear, you can bear to do the right, for there is One in whose strength we can do all things."

Before Maimie could reply her Aunt Frances came in.

"It is dinner-time," she announced, "and your father has just come in, Maimie, and we must have dinner over at once."

Maimie rose, and, going to the glass, smoothed back her hair. Her Aunt Frances glanced at her face and then at Mrs. Murray, and, as if fearing Maimie's reply, went on hurriedly, "You must look your very best to-night, and even better to-morrow," she said, smiling significantly. She came and put her hands on Maimie's shoulders, and, kissing her, said: "Have you told your Aunt Murray who is coming to-morrow? I am sure I'm very thankful, my dear; you will be very happy. It is an excellent match. Half the girls in town will be wild with envy. He has written a very manly letter to your father, and I am sure he is a noble fellow, and he has excellent prospects. But we must hurry down to dinner," she said, turning to Mrs. Murray, who, with a look of sadness on her pale face, left the room without a word.

"Ranald is not coming," said Maimie, when her Aunt Murray had gone.

"Indeed, from what your father says," cried Aunt Frank, indignantly, "I do not very well see how he could. He has been most impertinent."

"You are not to say that, Aunt Frank," cried Maimie. "Ranald could not be impertinent, and I will not hear it." Her tone was so haughty and fierce that Aunt Frank thought it wiser to pursue this subject no further.

"Well," she said, as she turned to leave the room, "I'm very glad he has the grace to keep away to-night. He has always struck me as a young man of some presumption."

When the door closed upon her Maimie tore the note from her bosom and pressed it again and again to her lips: "Oh, Ranald, Ranald," she cried, "I love you! I love you! Oh, why can it not be? Oh, I cannot—I cannot give him up!" She threw herself upon her knees and laid her face in the bed. In a few minutes there came a tap at the door, and her Aunt Frances's voice was heard: "Maimie, your father has gone down; we must not delay." The tone was incisive and matter-of-fact. It said to Maimie, "Now let's have no nonsense. Be a sensible woman of the world." Maimie rose from her knees. Hastily removing all traces of tears from her face, and glancing in the glass, she touched the little ringlets into place and went down to dinner.

It was a depressing meal. Mr. St. Clair was irritable; Harry perplexed and sullen; Maimie nervously talkative. Mrs. Murray was heroically holding herself in command, but the look of pain in her eyes and the pathetic tremor on her lips belied the brave smiles and cheerful words with which she seconded Aunt Frank.

After dinner the company separated, for there were still preparations to make for the evening. As Mrs. Murray was going to her room, she met Harry in the hall with his hat on.

"Where are you going, Harry?"

"Anywhere!" he growled, fiercely, "to get out of this damnable hypocrisy! Pardon me, Aunt Murray, I can't help it, it *is* damnable, and a whole lot of them are in it!"

Then Mrs. Murray came, and, laying her hand on his arm, said: "Don't go, Harry; don't leave me; I want some one; come upstairs."

Harry stood looking at the sweet face trying to smile so bravely in spite of the tremulous lips.

"You are a dear, brave little woman," he said, hanging up his hat, "and I'll be hanged if I don't stay by you. Come along upstairs." He stooped, and, lifting her in his arms in spite of her laughing protests, carried her upstairs to her room.

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When they came down to the party, they both looked braver and stronger.

The party was a great success. The appointments were perfect, the music the best that could be had, and Maimie more beautiful than ever. In some mysterious way, known only to Aunt Frank, the rumor of Maimie's approaching engagement got about among the guests and produced an undertone of excitement to the evening's gayety. Maimie was too excited to be quite natural, but she had never appeared more brilliant and happy, and surely she had every cause. She had achieved a dizzy summit of social success that made her at once the subject of her friends' congratulations and her rivals' secret envy, and which was the more delightful it would be hard to say. Truly, she was a fortunate girl, but still the night was long, and she was tired of it all before it was over. The room seemed empty, and often her heart gave a leap as her eyes fell upon some form that appeared more handsome and striking than others near, but only to sink again in disappointment when a second glance told her that it was only some ordinary man. Kate, too, kept aloof in a very unpleasant way, and Harry, devoting himself to Kate, had not done his duty. But in spite of everything the party had been a great success, and when it was over Maimie went straight to bed to sleep. She knew that Ranald would be awaiting the answer to his note, but she could not bring herself to face what she knew would be an ordeal that might murder sleep for her, and sleep she must have, for she must be her best tomorrow. It would have been better for all involved had she written her answer that night; otherwise Ranald would not have been standing at her door in the early afternoon asking to see her. It was Aunt Frances who came down to the drawing-room. As Ranald stood up and bowed, she adjusted her *pince-nez* upon her aristocratic nose and viewed him.

"You are wishing to see Miss St. Clair," she said, in her very chilliest tone.

"I asked to see Maimie," said Ranald, looking at her with cool, steady eyes.

"I must say, Mr. Macdonald, that after your conduct to my brother yesterday, I am surprised you should have the assurance to enter his house."

"I would prefer not discussing office matters with you," said Ranald, politely, and with a suspicion of a smile. "I have come to see Maimie."

"That, I am glad to say, is impossible, for she is at present out with Captain De Lacy, who has just arrived from the East to—see—to—in short, on a very special errand."

For a moment Ranald stood without reply.

"She is out, you say?" he answered at length.

"She is out with Captain De Lacy." He caught the touch of triumph in her voice.

"Will she be back soon?" inquired Ranald, looking baffled.

"Of course one cannot tell in such a case," answered Miss St. Clair, "but I should think not." Miss St. Clair was enjoying herself. It did her good to see this insolent, square-jawed young man standing helpless before her.

"It is important that I should see her," said Ranald, after a few moments' thought. "I shall wait." Had Miss St. Clair known him better, she would have noticed with some concern the slow fires kindling in his eyes. As it was, she became indignant.

"That, Mr. Macdonald, you shall not; and allow me to say frankly that your boldness—your insolence, I may say—is beyond all bounds."

"Insolence, and when?" Ranald was very quiet.

"You come to the house of your employer, whom you have insulted, and demand to see his daughter."

"I have a right to see her."

"Right? What right have you, pray?"

Then Ranald stood up and looked Miss St. Clair full in the face with eyes fairly alight.

"Miss St. Clair, have you ever known what it is to love with all your soul and heart?" Miss St. Clair gasped. "Because if not, you will not understand me; if you have, you will know why I must see Maimie. It is seven years now since I began to love her. I remember the spot in the woods; I see the big tree there behind her and the rising ground stretching away to the right. I see the place where I pulled her out of the fire. Every morning since that time I have waked with the thought of her; every

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night my eyes have closed with a vision of her before me. It is for her I have lived and worked. I tell you she is mine! I love her! I love her, and she loves me. I know it." His words came low and fierce.

With but a moment's pause Ranald went on, but his voice took a gentler tone. "Miss St. Clair, do you understand me? Yes, I know you do." The blood came flowing suddenly to her thin cheeks. "You say she is out with Captain De Lacy, and you mean me to think that she is to give herself to him. He loves her, I know, but I say she is mine! Her eyes have told me that. She is mine, I tell you, and no man living will take her from me." The fire that always slumbered in his eyes was now blazing in full fury. The great passion of his life was raging through his soul, vibrating in his voice, and glowing in his dark face. Miss St. Clair sat silent, and then motioned him to a seat.

"Mr. Macdonald," she said, with grave courtesy, "you are too late, I fear. I did not realize—Maimie will never be yours. I know my niece." At the sad earnestness of her voice, Ranald's face began to grow pale.

"I will wait for her," he said, quietly.

"I beg you will not."

"I will wait," he repeated, with lips tight pressed.

"It is vain, Mr. Macdonald, I assure you. Spare yourself and her. I know what—I could have—" Her voice grew husky.

"I will wait," once more replied Ranald, the lines of his face growing tense.

Miss St. Clair rose and gave him her hand. "I will send a friend to you, and I beg you to excuse me"—Ranald bowed gravely—"and to forgive me," and she left the room. Ranald heard her pass through the hall and up the stairs and then a door closed behind her. Before he had time to gather his thoughts together he heard a voice outside that made his heart stand still. Then the front door opened quickly, and Maimie and De Lacy stood in the hall. She was gayly talking. Ranald rose and stood with his back to the door. Before him was a large mirror which reflected the hall through the open door. He stood waiting for them to enter.

"Hang up your hat, Captain De Lacy, then go in and find a chair while I run upstairs," cried Maimie, gayly. "You must learn your way about here now."

"No," said De Lacy, in a low, distinct voice. "I can wait no longer, Maimie."

She looked at him a moment as if in fear.

"Come," he said, holding out his hands to her. "There was no chance in the park, and I can wait no longer." Slowly she came near. "My darling, my sweetheart," he said, in a low voice full of intense passion. Then, while she lay in his arms, he kissed her on the lips twice. Ranald stood gazing in the mirror as if fascinated. As their lips met a low groan burst from him. He faced about, and, with a single step, stood in the doorway. Shriek after shriek echoed through the house as Maimie sprang from De Lacy's arms and shrank back to the wall.

"Great heavens!" cried De Lacy; "why, it's Macdonald! What the deuce do you mean coming in on people like that?"

"What is it, Maimie?" cried her Aunt Frank, hurrying down stairs.

Then she saw Ranald standing in the doorway, with face bloodless, ghastly, livid. Quickly she went up to him, and said, in a voice trembling and not ungentle: "Oh, why did you wait, Mr. Macdonald; go away now, go away."

Ranald turned and looked at her with a curious uncomprehending gaze, and then said, "Yes, I will go away." He took a step toward Maimie, his eyes like lurid flames. She shrank from him, while De Lacy stepped in his path. With a sweep of his arm he brushed De Lacy aside, hurling him crashing against the wall, and stood before the shrinking girl.

"Good-by, Maimie; forget that I loved you once."

The words came slowly from his pallid lips. For some moments he stood with his burning eyes fastened upon her face. Then he turned slowly from her and groped blindly for his hat. Miss St. Clair hurried toward him, found his hat, and, putting it in his hand, said, in a broken voice, while tears poured down her cheeks: "Here it is; good-by, good-by."

He looked at her a moment as if in surprise, and then, with a smile of rare sweetness on his white lips, he said, "I thank you," and passed out, going feebly like a man who has got a death-wound.

[TO BE CONTINUED]

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Books of the Week

This report of current literature is supplemented by fuller reviews of such books as in the judgment of the editors are of special importance to our readers. Any of these books will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, to any address on receipt of the published price.

Among the Great Masters of Oratory. By Walter Rowlands. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 5×7½ in. 296 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Among the Great Masters of Painting. By Walter Rowlands. Illustrated. Dana Estes & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 274 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Argonauts (The). By Eliza Orzeszko. Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×8 in. 291 pages. $1.50.

This is the newly discovered Polish author who has been hailed as the greatest woman writer and thinker of the Slav world. The novel (one, we are told, of forty books by this writer) is distinctly one of power and passion, but it is inducive to thought rather than entertaining. Among the social questions involved are those of money-making and money-spending, and the relation of employer to employed. One character is absorbed in accumulating wealth, another cares nothing for material interests; the folly of excess in either direction is a main theme. A study of suffering under social oppression is equally prominent. Intellectually the book is a strong one, but it lacks color and humor and incident.

Beowaulf: A Poem. By Samuel Harden Church. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 116 pages. $2.

Reserved for later notice.

Calumet "K." By Merwin-Webster. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 345 pages. $1.50.

The story of the building of a grain elevator in a hurry by a typical American "hustler" who knows not the word fail. The same qualities of conciseness and force that made "The Short Line War" by these authors so popular are to be found here. The story-telling gift is a rare one; those who really have it can (as is done here) make the transportation of a car-load of lumber from one place to another as dramatic as a plot of court intrigue or an episode of war. This tale simply bristles with energy and push.

Clementina. By A. E. W. Mason. Illustrated. The Frederick A. Stokes Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 366 pages. $1.50.

A story of Stuart days. The hero brings about the Pretender's marriage after stirring adventures and all but incredible fights against overwhelming odds. Incidentally he sacrifices his own love to his loyalty. The tone and construction of the story are rather after the manner of "The Courtship of Maurice Buckler," by which Mr. Mason first made his reputation as a romancer, than that of his latest success, "Miranda of the Balcony." Apart from its interest as a dashing story of intrigue, sword, and spur, there is some attempt at serious study of motive and character.

Daughters of the Revolution. By Stephen Henry Thayer. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 244 pages. $1.

Descartes' Meditations and Selections from the Principles of Philosophy. Translated by John Veitch, LL.D. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 248 pages. 35c.

The great thinker who led the modern skeptical movement that culminated in Kant and Hegel deserves this popular reproduction of his thought.

English History: England. By Mrs. Frederick Boaz. Illustrated. (The Children's Library.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4¼×7 in. 264 pages. 75c.

This is a good outline, free from partisanship, and considerably briefer than Dickens's well-known "Child's History of England."

Family (The): A Necessity for Civilization. By Rev. John B. Robins, A.M., D.D. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 317 pages. $1.25.

The author presents his thought in a plain style for plain people, and with the aim of promoting right views of marriage, conscientious convictions concerning parentage, a wholesome family life, and an intelligent and Christian training of children. The proof-reading of the book has been rather careless. The author's theological position is pedobaptist, but he writes in some independence of theological traditions.

Filippo di Ser Brunellesco. By Leader Scott. (The Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture.) The Macmillan Co., New York. 5×8 in. 150 pages. $1.75.

Those who like the spelling Brunelleschi and those who like the spelling Brunellesco ought to be equally satisfied. The cover of the present volume bears one spelling, the title-page another, and both are used in the text. This is one of the most welcome books in the valuable series on "Great Masters in Painting and Sculpture." Such an appreciation of Brunelleschi has long been needed. Both in actual and in historic worth this great architect was particularly notable. As to the first value, in simple purity of line and in the harmony of parts we may claim that he never had an equal. As to the second value, Brunelleschi was really the founder, four hundred and fifty years ago, of the classic revival in architecture, and hence was Michelangelo's art ancestor. Whether Renaissance architecture was quite an undoubted gain, however, is an open question to some minds (including, we fancy, that of Brunelleschi's latest biographer), since Italian architecture developed a sufficient avidity for the "renascent classic style" to check the Gothic's normal development. The present volume gives detailed but not over-picturesque account of Brunelleschi's masterworks; they are all in Florence—the Cathedral, San Lorenzo, Santo Spirito, the Pazzi Chapel

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at Santa Croce, the Pitti and Pazzi Palaces. The illustrations in half-tone of these and other edifices are many and helpful.

Following the Master: Short Studies in the Christian Life. By Ernest Everett Day. The Pilgrim Press, Chicago. 5×7½ in. 95 pages.

These studies of the teachings of Jesus, originally prepared by a pastor for his mid-week Bible class, have been printed for the wider use of which they are certainly deserving. As an exhibition of the Master's ideal of life they explain and illustrate what it is to be a Christian.

Gail Hamilton's Life in Letters. Edited by H. Augusta Dodge. Lee & Shepard, Boston. 5×8 in. 2 vols. $5 per set.

The life and letters of a woman who filled a niche in the life of a notable generation are here given in two volumes. Properly, there is no life outside of the letters—which are edited by Harriet Augusta Dodge—except a biographical sketch by her friend Harriet Prescott Spofford. Gail Hamilton (Mary Abigail Dodge) was a woman of force, brain, and poise, who never came in contact with man or woman whom she did not to some degree affect. She came into the world before the talk of higher education for women filled the air—as it has within the last couple of decades. Yet she was a notable example of what could be achieved by the education of her day, and she exercised a considerable influence in public life and National affairs. Her correspondence covered intercourse by letter with many men and women in the world worth knowing, and it is all given within the covers of these books. The reading of these letters will open up a mine of wit, wisdom, brilliant turns of thought, and profound common sense, to say nothing of a sense of God's power and presence which is uplifting. Speaking of Miss Dodge's winters at Washington, which began in 1870, Mrs. Spofford says: "Warmly interested in affairs, acquainted with both the intricacies of politics and the heights of statesmanship, standing in awe of no one, with the pleasantest and most gracious manner on occasion, her humor, her keen insight, her quick aptitude, her memory, her knowledge of human nature, her glow and enthusiasm, all had full play in Mr. Blaine's drawing-room, for Mr. Blaine was then Speaker of the House, and then and later his home was the center where not only party chiefs, but every one of interest, either foreign diplomat or transient visitor, was sure to be found. No more admired woman of society ever lived in Washington."

Glories of Spain. By Charles W. Wood, F.R.G.S. Illustrated. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 498 pages. $3.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Gulliver's Travels into Several Remote Regions of the World. By Jonathan Swift, D.D. Illustrated. D. C. Heath & Co., Boston. (The Home Library.) 5×8 in. 212 pages.

A new edition, edited with introduction and notes by Thomas M. Balliet, Superintendent of Schools in Springfield, Mass., well printed, and containing thirty-eight illustrations and maps.

Great Saints of the Bible (The). By Louis Albert Banks, D.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5×8 in. 351 pages. $1.50.

This volume of Sunday evening sermons appears as the sequel to that on the "Great Sinners," and exhibits an attractive way of serving up New Testament truth in an Old Testament dish.

History and Description of Roman Political Institutions. By Frank Frost Abbott. Ginn & Co., Boston. 4½×7½ in. 437 pages. $1.60.

This is a lucid, compact, and serviceable handbook for study of the political development of the people who have transmitted to the modern world its fabric of law. Teachers, especially, will appreciate its constant references to the original sources, and to critical estimates of these, as well as its ample bibliography.

History of Intellectual Development on the Lines of Modern Evolution. By John Beattie Crozier. Vol. III. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 355 pages. $3.50.

Dr. Crozier's work shows him to be an original and philosophical thinker, commended to readers by an agreeable literary style. In this third volume of his projected series, which appears in advance of the second, he reviews the nineteenth century and makes a forecast of the twentieth. In view of the illusions and false ideals of the past, he concludes that "the main problem for the twentieth century will be, how, while preserving the democratic form of government, so to rein it in . . . that it shall be not only a means of *morality*, but an efficient instrument of *government* as well." His forecast includes with "the problem" a programme of "reconstruction" in England, in France, and in America. Confining attention to this country, we need not notice the items named for reconstruction. These, as the author remarks, have often occurred to Americans themselves. But some large exceptions must be made to the items of "the problem." It is only about twelve years since Mr. Bryce stated, in his "American Commonwealth," that, while corruption existed in Congress, it affected but "a small portion." Dr. Crozier says that the veto of the President is all that prevents the country being "given up to a brigandage under the forms of and with the protection of the law more universal than in the Middle Ages." As little can we agree with him that the corruption that prevails in State and municipal governments is due to the lack of the light of public opinion in "the voting area." There is light enough, but the light shineth in the darkness of a moral inertness which is the main evil. His forecast, however, is cheered by an optimism which regards the black spots as but "dust in the sunbeam." We regret that our limits preclude further extracts from this interesting book.

History of the Broadway Tabernacle Church from its Organization in 1840 to the Close of 1900, Including Factors Influencing its Formation. By Susan Hayes Ward. Printed for the Church History Committee by the Trow Print, New York.

It is an unprecedented fact that so influential a church as the Broadway Tabernacle and so influential a journal as the "Independent" have sprung as twin stems from one root—the evangelistic work of Charles G. Finney in

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this city in the fourth decade of the last century. It was a timely thing to take the opportunity brought by the sixtieth anniversary of the church to record an honorable history ere all who had part in its crucial period had passed away. It is a history which commits both the church and the journal whose early years were indissolubly blended to the line of an aggressive evangelism and of Christian activity in the cause of social righteousness. Miss Ward, a former member of the church, has well performed the historian's task. Her record is not only of local but of National interest, and deserves attention in all churches for its lessons of fidelity, in spite of costs and dangers, to a sacred cause.

History of the United States: America. By Mary Ford. (The Children's Library.) Thomas Whittaker, New York. 4¼×7 in. 220 pages. 75c.

This brief outline is marred by a great many blunders.

Illustrative Lesson Notes (The): A Guide to the Study of the International Sunday School Lessons for 1902. By the Rev. Thomas Benjamin Neely, D.D., LL.D., and Robert Remington Doherty, Ph.D. Eaton & Mains, New York. 5½×9 in. 395 pages. $1.25.

This is prepared primarily for use in Methodist schools, but is quite undenominational. The series has long been esteemed among those who are attached to the old ways and conclusions of Bible study as pursued in Sunday-schools.

Key-Words and Phrases of the New Testament. By the Rev. South G. Preston, Ph.D. The Abbey Press, New York. 5×8 in. 351 pages. $1.

We find here an acute but not always judicious writer, who presents many valuable suggestions blended with rather too much of crude thought.

Letters from My Mill: To which are added Letters to an Absent One. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Katharine Prescott Wormeley. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 4½×7 in. 248 pages.

These two volumes contain what is perhaps the finest flower of Daudet's works—"Letters from My Mill" and a group of short stories written under the influence of the Franco-German war and wrung out of the heart and the memory of the novelist. The contents of the book are familiar; they belong to the best modern French literature. The new form in which this work is put is tasteful and attractive; and the two volumes will far better repay reading to-day than the great mass of recent fiction.

Life of Robert Louis Stevenson (The). By Graham Balfour. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. In 2 vols. $4, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Light Freights. By W. W. Jacobs. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 315 pages. $1.50.

Mr. Jacobs is happy in his titles: "Light Freights" is even better than "Many Cargoes." The book indeed carries freights of the lightest, but also most welcome—genial stories of sailor life, droll with an exquisite dryness, each with a surprise or situation originally worked out. One story alone is of a gruesome kind and seems oddly out of place; yet this and a tale of similar character in another book suggest that the author could deal with the fearsome and tragic effectively if he chose.

Lincoln and Other Poems. By Edwin Markham. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 124 pages.

Reserved for later notice.

Lives of the English Saints (The). Written by Various Hands at the Suggestion of John Henry Newman, afterwards Cardinal. Illustrated. The J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. 6 vols. 5×8 in.

Reserved for later notice.

Lives of the Hunted. By Ernest Seton-Thompson. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×8 in. 361 pages. $1.75.

Reserved for later notice.

Maids and Matrons of New France. By Mary Sifton Pepper. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5½×8⅛ in. 286 pages. $1.50, net.

This volume fills a unique place. Hitherto a book devoted to the gentlewomen who, centuries ago, left lives of ease to dwell among Canadian rigors has been lacking. The present work is one to put on the same shelf with Parkman's histories; in its author's pages we may learn to reverence the Canadian women who, so our author claims, played as prominent a part in the growth of their new country as did the Pilgrim mothers in the growth of New England. Although the former were dominated, as is here admitted, by strange superstitions, they never became slaves to witchcraft as did the women further south. The author puts the French women-emigrants into four important periods in the making of Canad — first, the attempts at Canadian colonization, beginning in 1604; second, in the struggles of Quebec, beginning 1608; third, in the founding of Montreal, 1642; and, lastly, in the coming of the Carignan regiment in 1665. In print and illustration the book is also notable.

Marrow of Tradition (The). By Charles W. Chesnutt. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 329 pages. $1.50.

Reserved for later notice.

Miracles of Missions (The). By Arthur T. Pierson, D.D. (Fourth Series.) The Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 257 pages. 90c.

The brief narratives of fact included in this volume are admirably suited for a Sunday-school library and to the general reader as well. Their character is adequately indicated by the title, and the volume is well illustrated.

Mistress Brent: A Story of Lord Baltimore's Colony in 1638. Illustrated. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. 5×8 in. 352 pages.

Depicted here is one of the most trying periods in the early life of Maryland—a period in which, while yet in its formative state, the Claibourne war over Kent Island arose, and Leonard Calvert, the Governor, died. Mistress Brent was the lifelong friend of Calvert, and to her on his death-bed he left the management of the Colony's affairs. On the strength of this and her large landed possessions, she asked the leading men to grant her a vote, which was refused. No more able or remarkable woman figures in early colonial history. The author has splendid material at hand and uses it with commendable accuracy. Historic

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imagination alone is needed to have made a great novel.

Modern Mission Century (The): Viewed as a Cycle of Divine Working. By Arthur T. Pierson. The Baker & Taylor Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 517 pages. $1.50, net.

A large personal element in copious illustrations drawn from the experiences of a multitude of men and women in the mission field imparts peculiar interest to this volume.

Multitude of Counsellors (A): Being a Collection of Codes, Precepts, and Rules of Life from the Wise of All Ages. Edited by J. N. Larned. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. 5×8¼ in. 499 pages. $2, net.

In the "multitude" here brought together there is not only "safety," as the proverb says, but light and leading. The goodly fellowship includes fifty-five centuries, from Ptahhotep, of Egypt, to Thoreau, of Concord, and there seems to be no marked advance even now beyond the fine humanity exhibited on the banks of the Nile two millenniums before Moses—a fact speaking for the indefinite antiquity of mankind. A good index of subjects and sources adds value to this anthology as a reference-book.

My Host the Enemy, and Other Tales. By Franklin Welles Calkins. Illustrated. The Fleming H. Revell Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 302 pages. $1.50.

This volume includes some graphic sketches of life and adventure in the Far West. The author has had the experience of a boyhood spent in the Upper Missouri country, and a decade of after-life as plainsman and mountaineer. His book bears with it an atmosphere of genuine realism. It ought to be read in connection with such volumes on Indian life as those by Mr. Grinnell, for instance. As narratives of actual adventure they demonstrate anew the fact that truth is certainly stranger than fiction.

Norse Stories: Retold from the Eddas. By Hamilton Wright Mabie. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8¼ in. 250 pages. $1.80.

A new edition with decoration and ten colored illustrations. We shall speak further of the book in connection with the other illustrated books of the holiday season.

Oklahoma Romance (An). By Helen Churchill Candee. The Century Co., New York. 5×7¾ in. 331 pages. $1.50.

A romance suggesting the space of the prairies and the strength of the Western hills. The large contrasts of Western life, the sordid worldliness of some, the rugged ideality of others, are in the book, and a fine love story holds the reader's interest from beginning to end.

On Principles and Methods in Latin Syntax. By E. P. Morris. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5½×9 in. 232 pages. $2, net.

The nine papers composing this volume, while chiefly pertinent to specialists, are instructive also to a large though less advanced class of Latinists, as exhibiting the still open questions and pointing out the lines of research. Descriptive syntax is still incomplete. So important a subject as the relative clause has been but imperfectly treated. Comparatively slight progress has been made in the doctrine of conjunctions. A large field is opening for a better understanding of syntax by studying it in close association with word-meaning. And one of the greatest but unsolved problems of linguistics is the nature and history of inflection. Thus briefly would we indicate the practical stimulus to be found here by many a progressive teacher.

Outlaws of Horseshoe Hole (The). By Francis Hill. Illustrated. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7½ in. 322 pages. $1, net.

This engaging tale has to do with Western life. The story is told by a lively ranch boy, Burt Sayers, a principal character and quite a typical one, but so also are Curlew, the cowboy, and Percy Bill, the outlaw. Most readers have noted references to the Montana Vigilantes, but such a story as this has been needed to bring out graphically the exact significance of the Vigilantes in the development of that mining State a decade or two ago. Most healthy boys and girls long for a really romantic story. They certainly have one in this volume. It is accompanied by some of Mr. Zogbaum's very best pictures, and his illustrations always illustrate.

Primitive Man. Translated from the German of Dr. Moriz Hoernes by James H. Loewe. The Macmillan Co., New York. 4×6 in. 135 pages. 40 cts.

There are no more helpful and delightful little books for the busy man and for the traveler, who must carry their libraries in their pockets, than the series entitled "The Temple Primers." The latest addition to this series is a good translation of Dr. Hoernes's "Primitive Man," a book of valuable aid to all students of anthropology. It will receive deservedly wider reading, however, by reason of its publication in such compact form.

Public Worship: A Study in the Psychology of Religion. By John P. Hylan. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago. 5×7½ in. 94 pages. 25c.

This is a brief study based upon investigation by two questionaries, resulting in answers from 203 persons in the first and 75 in the second. The general result of the inquiry is summed up in stating public worship to be "a device for developing the moral control of conduct." The first questionary might have been made more widely representative. Of the 203 replies 160 were from normal-school students and 20 from teachers, while 181 were from females.

Red Chancellor (The). By Sir William Magnay, Bart. Brentano's, New York. 5×7½ in. 303 pages.

Those who delight in the romance of adventure may sup full over the pages setting forth the terrors of the German community presided over by a red-handed tyrant. For its kind the book is cleverly done; there is movement, adventure, hair-breadth escape, and all sorts of varied life—of a rather impossible sort. There are also touches of those leisurely domestic scenes which found Mrs. Wistar's translations so many readers. For the rest the reader will find plenty of that German quality, pervading alike social and military life, which Mr. Matthew Arnold used to dub "corporalism."

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Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War. By Edward T. Cook. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5½×9 in. 375 pages. $5.

We are specially glad that this book is clearly printed, and that, though large, it is light to the hand, because it seems the most valuable reference-book yet issued on the South African situation. The author, Mr. Cook—lately editor of the London "Daily News"—cites textually all of the more important despatches which passed between the British and the Boer Governments. Each of his many references has its proper foot-note of chapter and verse; and the index is admirably ample. The author shows the underlying differences between the British and the Boers to lie in conflicts of race, ideals, and ambitions; to each of these three conflicts he devotes a chapter. He then reviews, in two hundred pages, the disputes which existed before the beginning of the present war. He commences with the Jameson raid, which he justly terms one of the most discreditable and calamitous events of recent British history. While the raid greatly aggravated the South African situation, The Outlook has held, and so does Mr. Cook, that it was not the true cause of the war. The raid was but "a perversion of the legitimate agitation which always has arisen, and it is to be hoped always will arise, when British people are subjected to oppression." Nevertheless, the raid imposed a duty upon the British Government and an opportunity upon the Transvaal Government. Both were neglected. The British Government did not make a searching and remorseless inquiry into the origin and secret history of the raid, nor did Mr. Kruger use the years of grace which "that colossal blunder" had given to him for the introduction of some installment of genuine reform. It is right that the rights and wrongs of the Boer war should still exercise many minds. As Mr. Cook says, questions of right and wrong are of enduring interest; particularly is this true when war has been the result, for war is so terrible a scourge that the ethics of any resort to it can hardly be too fully discussed. In the many pages of the present volume we are favored with as admirably full and yet compact discussion as could be wished. Mr. Cook's judgment is that substantially Great Britain has been in the right, and the Boer Governments in the wrong.

Romantic Castles and Palaces: As Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Illustrated. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 395 pages. $1.60, net.

Reserved for later notice.

Select Notes: A Commentary on the International Lessons for 1902. By F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. The W. A. Wilde Co., Boston. 6×9 in. 361 pages. $1.25.

This is the twenty-eighth annual issue of a work that has established a wide reputation for serviceableness to students following traditional lines.

Stratagems and Spoils: Stories of Love and Politics. By William Allen White. Illustrated. 5×7¾ in. 291 pages. $1.50.

Mr. White's famous editorial "What is the Matter with Kansas?" (written, it is said, in hot haste at his foreman's instigation as he was leaving for a vacation) introduced to readers the country over a man of original force of character, terse and compelling in diction. Since then he has written many capital magazine articles and stories, all dealing more or less closely with political, social, or industrial conditions. They make for honesty, and they find romance close to the arena of politics. "To be brave, to be kind, to be helpful," is the lesson the author offers. As a whole, the book adds to the "human documents" which help to make up history. Moreover, it is decidedly entertaining.

Student's History of Philosophy (A). By Arthur Kenyon Rogers, Ph.D. The Macmillan Co., New York. 5½×8 in. 519 pages. $2.

Dr. Rogers, whose brief "Introduction to Modern Philosophy" was favorably received two years ago, here undertakes a much larger work. As an introductory course upon the subject, it is marked both by simplicity and by a suitable selection of the material most important for the purpose of broad general impressions. Holding that such a study finds its focal points in the work of individual thinkers, the author passes over some minor matters to mark the spirit of each thinker and the problems he left his mark on, not omitting the relation of his work to the history of civilization. Half of the volume is concerned with modern philosophy, and leads up to the issue now joined between the rival camps of monism and pluralism, to the former of which Dr. Rogers belongs. An attractive feature of his compact and luminous work, though often wanting in a condensed history, is that the literary interest is made to supplement the philosophical by free quotation from great thinkers. The literature of each subject is amply referred to besides.

Tower of London (The). By William Hepworth Dixon. Illustrated. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5¾×8½ in. In 2 vols. Per set, $4.

Reserved for later notice.

Two Centuries of Christian Activity at Yale. Edited by James B. Reynolds, Samuel H. Fisher, and Henry B. Wright. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. 5½×8½ in. 367 pages. $1.40.

Reserved for later notice.

Tales of Dunstable Weir. By Zack. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. 5×7⅛ in. 259 pages. $1.50.

"Benjamin Parrot's Fancy," "The Hall and He," "The Right o' Way," "Village Pump Fewins," "Mary Amelia Spot," "The Sisters," "Crooksie," make up the seven stories in this volume. Scenes and tone alike are thoroughly English, of the county and shire variety, and furnish quaint and highly interesting character studies.

Violet Fairy Book (The). Edited by Andrew Lang. Illustrated. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. 5×7½ in. 388 pages. $1.50.

This is the latest addition to the long list of fairy books edited by Mr. Lang, who is not only an indefatigable writer, but a devout student of folk and fairy lore. This volume, like its predecessors, is handsomely made in a fashion to attract the youngest readers; and the stories have been translated in a large and

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liberal sense from popular traditional tales in many different languages. As Mr. Lang tells us in his preface, they are as old as anything that man ever invented; they were narrated by naked savage women to naked savage children, and they are interesting, therefore, not only because of the perennially interesting story-element, but as revealing the mind and imagination of the race in its youth. Some of the most interesting of these stories are translated from the Roumanian; and three abridged and simplified African stories have been included in the collection.

Wall Street Stories. By Edwin Lefèvre. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. 4½×7 in. 224 pages. $1.25.

In the excitements, temptations, comedies, and tragedies of the fierce fight for money and power Mr. Lefèvre has found practically a new field for the short story. These tales have rush and vigor and power. They also show no mean skill in individualizing character. Their technical accuracy is obvious; but the author's greatest distinction is that he never allows the technical to overlay and smother the dramatic and human. Mr. Lefèvre is, we believe, a writer of financial articles for the press; he shows in this volume a marked capacity for fiction-writing.

What is Worth While Series: The Summer Gathering for Winter's Need. By J. R. Miller, D.D. **Wherefore Didst Thou Doubt?** By Cleland B. McAfee. **Practical or Ideal?** By James M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. **The Greatness of Patience.** By Arthur Twining Hadley. **Religion in Common Life.** By John Caird, D.D. **The Meaning and Value of Poetry.** By William Henry Hudson. **God's Sunlight.** By Lewis Worthington Smith. **Standeth God Within the Shadow.** By David Starr Jordan. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., New York. 5×7¼ in. 35c. per volume.

The ornamented form as well as the substantial merit of the thought presented in the series of which these are the latest numbers adapts it to the purpose of those who like to give away good and inexpensive books.

Notes and Queries

It is seldom possible to answer any inquiry in the next issue after its receipt. Those who find expected answers late in coming will, we hope, bear in mind the impediments arising from the constant pressure of many subjects upon our limited space. Communications should always bear the writer's name and address. Any book named in Notes and Queries will be sent by the publishers of The Outlook, postpaid, on receipt of price.

1. Will you tell me how Hudson, of "The Law of Psychic Phenomena" fame, ranks among psychologists? 2. How would The Outlook rank his "Divine Pedigree of Man"? 3. Who is Brooks Adams and how are he and his works ranked?
E. R. D.

1. Mr. Hudson has been severely criticised by professional psychologists, and, as we think, not wholly without reason, though no more severely than the opposing schools of psychology criticise each other. 2. Its argument solidly establishes the fundamental tenets of theism, that mind is the producer, not the product, of evolution, and the immediate relation of the human to the divine. A subordinate part of it is rather less convincing. 3. Mr. Adams, a resident of Quincy, Mass., having retired from the practice of law, devotes himself chiefly to literary occupations. We regard him as a writer of marked ability, though seriously open at times to criticism.

I would be pleased if you would give a list in your Notes and Queries of books for a course of sermons on (1) The Lord's Prayer; (2) The Ten Commandments; (3) name also the best "Life and Times of Savonarola."
D. D.

1. Dr. J. F. Clarke's (Unitarian Association, Boston), Dr. Gladden's (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston), Dean Farrar's, and Dean Stubbs's "The Social Teaching of the Lord's Prayer" (Gardner, Denton & Co., London). 2. Dr. Washburn's "Social Law of God," Dean Farrar's "Voice from Sinai," Dr. Dale's "Ten Commandments," and Dr. Caverno's "Ten Words" (Pilgrim Press, Boston). Washburn, Farrar, and Dale may be ordered of T. Whittaker, New York. 3. Villari's, new edition (Scribners, New York).

Will you name some of the best books or articles which treat of the Broad Church movement? Other titles than Tulloch's "Movements of Religious Thought" and Haweis's "Broad Church."
J. S. Z.

There is no better source of information than in the biographies of its representative men, as that of F. D. Maurice by his son, of Charles Kingsley by his wife, and of Dean Stanley by Prothero. See also Dean Church's "Occasional Papers" and R. H. Hutton's "Aspects of Scientific and Religious Thought" (The Macmillan Company, New York).

Can you suggest a book, or, still better, several books, containing sermons or practical talks to young people? I want something to read to a body of students Sunday evenings—something interesting and inspiring, full of practical help for their everyday lives.
K. L. A.

See Professor Peabody's "Mornings in the College Chapel" and "Afternoons in the College Chapel;" also Bishop Lawrence's "Harvard Vespers" and "Visions and Tasks." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

1. Long ago I read a poem containing these lines:

"And as the bird from far Palmyra flying
To where" (something about a fabled fount)
"Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing
Of what it would, returns and sips the meanest draught."

Can you tell me from what source it came and where it can be found? 2. Some twenty years ago I found on a book-stand an old copy of a book for children called, if recollection serves, "Patz and Putz," being a tale of the adventures of two brother bears after the parent bears had been killed. It was a touching, tender story, and a great favorite of my sons. Now, in their manhood, they want it for their children. . . . I have an impression that it was an English publication, have inquired at book-stores, and now I come to you. If it is out of print, it deserves to be reissued, as I have not seen anything better calculated to inspire tenderness for "our dumb friends," not even "Black Beauty."
OLD SUBSCRIBER.

Bible stories for children are a subject of perennial inquiries by our readers. Mr. W. L. Sheldon has begun a series of such stories, which will be found in the columns of "Unity," commencing October 17 with the story of Adam and Eve in the Garden. Mr. Sheldon's standpoint is that of modern scholarship. Judging from the first number, we can heartily commend this series to those who are seeking a good one. Address "Unity," Chicago (single numbers 5 cents).

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Correspondence

A Canteen Without Liquor

The following extract has been sent us from a letter written to his family in Ohio by Captain Charles Dudley Rhodes, of Company C, Sixth Cavalry, now stationed near Manila. In the letter to us from Ohio inclosing this extract it is explained that Captain Rhodes was opposed to the enactment of the anti-canteen law, fearing that it would work badly for the soldiers. When the law was passed, however, he accepted the situation and made the best of it, with the results recounted below:

Biñan, P. I., September 2, 1901.

. . . I wrote you a month ago that I had started a temperance canteen, beginning July 22. Ten days was not a fair trial, and by August first I had only fairly started. This past month I have been rather anxious as to the financial aspect of the experiment, as it began to involve rather a large outlay of money. Last night (September 1) I balanced my books, and found, to my delight and surprise, that during the month of August I had cleared $231, after paying all indebtedness.

The canteen has been very popular. I have sold cigars, cigarettes, tobacco, stamps, ginger ale, milk shakes (milk and eggs flavored), cakes, and ice-cream. Everything was sold at a small profit, as the idea was to benefit the men as well as to add to the "Troop Fund." Immense quantities of ice-cream were sold—a large saucer for ten cents. One day fifteen gallons were sold—good ice-cream, too, made with the excellent canned "evaporated cream" supplied by the Commissary Department for cash. Of course I have had no rent to pay, and soldiers did the work cheerfully, as it was "for the Troop."

I have during the month purchased 29,000 pounds of ice in Manila, and sold enough here at a profit to get our own ice for nothing. Ice is a great item here, and costs me 80 cents a hundred pounds laid down here. It is beautiful ice, made by the Government ice-plant at Manila. I sell ice to the other soldier organizations here at cost price, as I have no desire to make money off of them.

There is no reason why Captain Rhodes's course should not be pursued at other posts. As has recently been pointed out, the anti-canteen law does not prohibit the canteen, but merely the sale of spirits, beer, or wine within any military encampment or reservation. It was feared that this law would put an end to the canteen by cutting off the profits from the sale of beer by which it had been so largely supported. Captain Rhodes's experiment indicates that, without the sale of beer, the canteen may, under favorable circumstances and management, still be made profitable. But even if it cannot be made profitable or even sustaining, the Government owes it to its regiments to provide them wholesome and attractive club-rooms.

A Cuban Industrial Home

To the Editors of The Outlook:

Two or three months ago The Outlook called attention to the work of the Matanzas Industrial Home. The need of help was represented as great. This plant is now nearly two and a half years old, and has reached the stage when no more appeals ought to be made for its support. If it has struck its roots into the soil as deeply as it ought, and if it has the right principle of life and growth within, it needs henceforth but the sunshine and the rain from heaven to make it grow till all the unprovided-for homeless children in Cuba can find under its branches a home. If it cannot now stand alone, the sooner it gives place for something more fit the better.

There is still, however, plenty of unoccupied soil where other plants ought to be set out and cared for. The States of the Union, with their long-established public-school systems, have room and need for other than State institutions of learning. Much more has Cuba, with its public-school system still in its infancy; and it is not too early to put into the soil the germ of a Cuban Harvard or a Cuban Yale. The Government is doing much for the care of orphan children, but not all. It is doing very much for the education of the rising generation, but not all that ought to be done.

And if there is room and need to plant a Cuban Harvard, much more is there room and need to plant a Cuban Tuskegee. The human resources of Cuba are largely undeveloped. There is great need of industrial training among both blacks and whites, and among the blacks especially is there much room for it.

ELMER E. HUBBARD.

Industrial Home, Matanzas, Cuba.

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An Interesting Experiment

To the Editors of The Outlook:

The course of your magazine in devoting so much space to a consideration of the negro problem is an example of practical patriotism which appeals strongly to those of us who realize the gravity of the question with which you are so justly dealing. Few seem to realize under what immense disadvantages our negro citizens labor, and fewer still are at present lending a hand to change the conditions. Most men do not know that there are a large number of occupations absolutely, and many others practically, closed to the negro. For example, colored women fitted by nature, tradition, and education for nurses are refused admission to the white training-schools. This condition suggested to Daniel H. Williams, a young but well-endowed colored physician, the organization in Chicago of the Provident Hospital and Training-School Association, to which I desire to call your attention.

The Association established in 1890 a training-school for colored nurses, and in connection therewith a hospital. Through the generosity of a few of our public-spirited merchants it boasts a modern hospital building of the very first character in equipment and in construction, bright and sunny, with a south front a half-block in extent. There is also a handsome home for nurses erected during the past year, and with this the whole plant represents an investment of nearly one hundred thousand dollars.

Though exercising economy and thrift rarely equaled, the trustees have found themselves with a large annual deficit. This has been paid through systematic canvassing, which each year becomes more and more irksome. Recent additions will entail greater expense, and the trustees are now struggling to secure an endowment which will render the institution independent. If sufficient funds are forthcoming, much-needed work will be undertaken along the line of supplying visiting nurses and organizing social settlements in the immediate neighborhood.

The hospital is situated at the corner of Thirty-sixth and Dearborn Streets, in the heart of Chicago's "black belt," and bids fair to be the center of the uplifting forces which many of our citizens hope to see potent in this quarter.

The nurses without exception are colored. The superintendent of the training-school, however, is a graduate of St. Luke's, where none but white nurses have ever been admitted. The President of the hospital, Lloyd G. Wheeler, the first of his race to be admitted to the Illinois bar, and eleven others of the eighteen trustees, are colored, as well as the President of the medical and surgical staff, Dr. Allen A. Wesley, and four other medical men. These men have had to earn their spurs elsewhere, no favor being shown merely because of color. Some of the internes are white and some colored, no distinction being made in this department except when a white and a negro candidate pass the examination with the same marking. At first only a small proportion of the hospital patients were white persons, but this has gradually changed until during the last year, out of 624 patients, 408 were white. On the other hand, the dispensary is largely patronized by the colored people of the neighborhood.

Eighty physicians send patients to the hospital, many of them believing that more uniform and intelligent attention is given there than can be secured elsewhere. It is not unreasonable that this should be true, for the training-school is of necessity, since prejudice is to be overcome, conducted upon the very highest lines. It, moreover, draws its nurses from all quarters of the country, and chooses only the brightest. No candidate is eligible unless she has had a high-school education or its equivalent. Last year out of 387 applications only 18 were accepted. In the present financial condition of the institution it is not considered practicable to assume the training of a greater number at any one time than twenty.

At first the nurses encountered the greatest opposition, but already this has been almost entirely overcome, and in many significant cases they are sought to the exclusion of white nurses. The hospital also has had to contend with race prejudice, but it has won its fight.

The wedge has entered, and as strength is given, there are those who stand ready with the sledge to drive it home.

ROBERT MCMURDY,
One of the Trustees.

Chicago.

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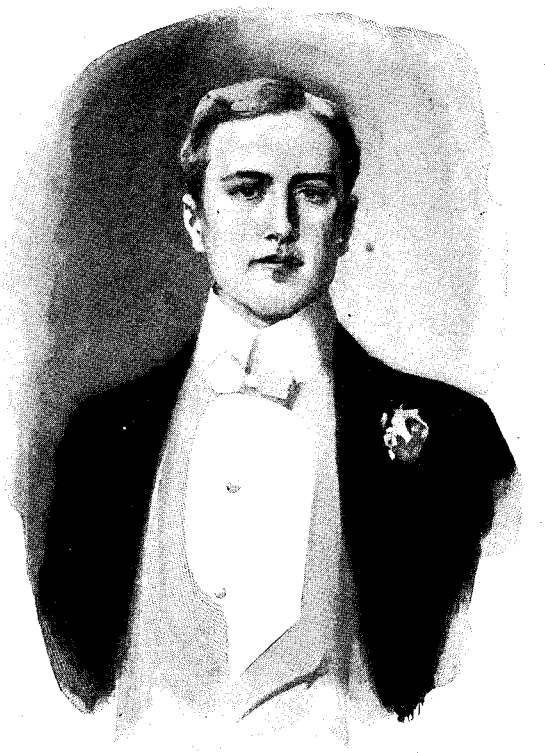

The man who uses Ivory Soap
Is easy of detection,
By clear-eyed, wholesome, well-groomed look,
And fresh, clear-toned complexion;
And other soaps, if offered him,
Will meet with prompt rejection.

IT FLOATS.

A WORD OF WARNING.—There are many white soaps, each represented to be just as good as the Ivory; they are not, but like all imitations they lack the peculiar and remarkable qualities of the genuine. Ask for Ivory Soap and insist upon getting it.

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What Shall We Eat

To Keep Healthy and Strong?

A healthy appetite and common sense are excellent guides to follow in matters of diet, and a mixed diet of grains, fruits, and meats is undoubtedly the best, in spite of the claims made by vegetarians and food cranks generally.

As compared with grains and vegetables, meat furnishes the most nutriment in a highly concentrated form and is digested and assimilated more quickly than vegetables or grains.

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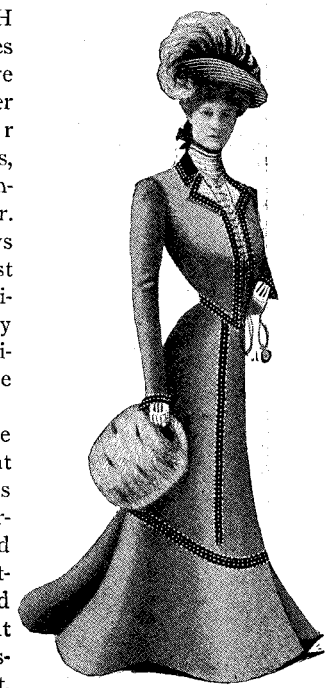

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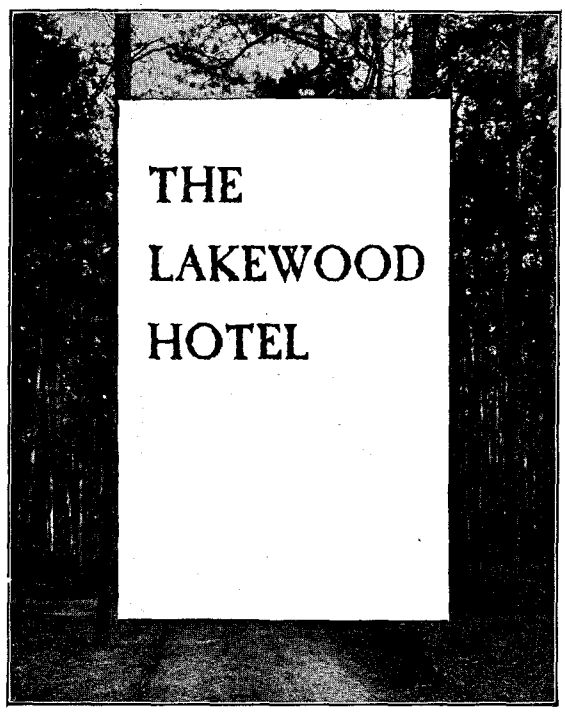

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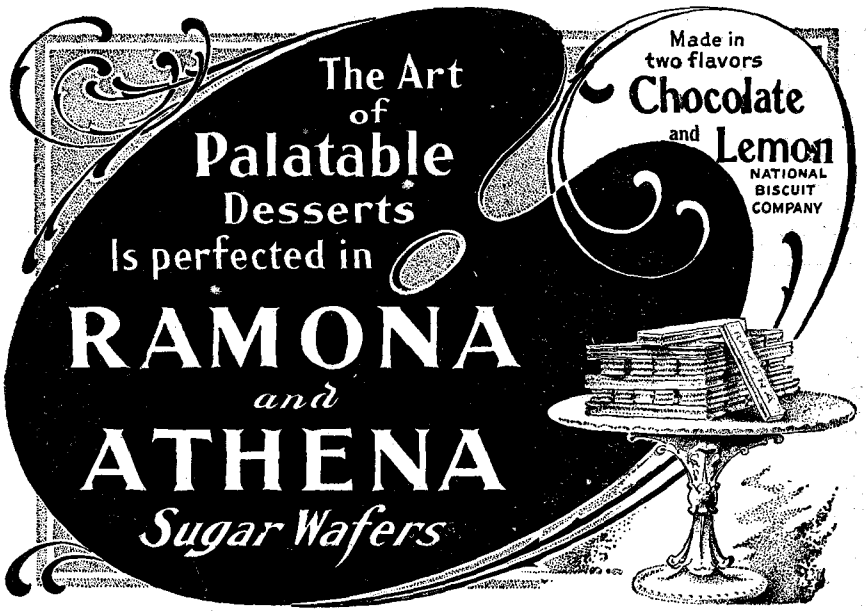

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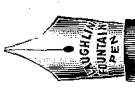

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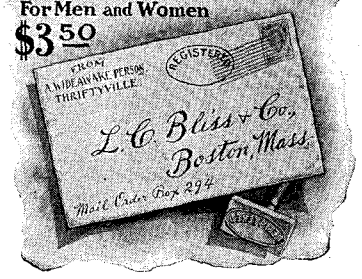

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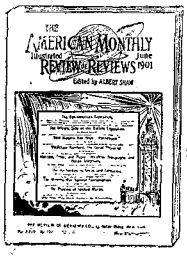

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